

May 27, 1959

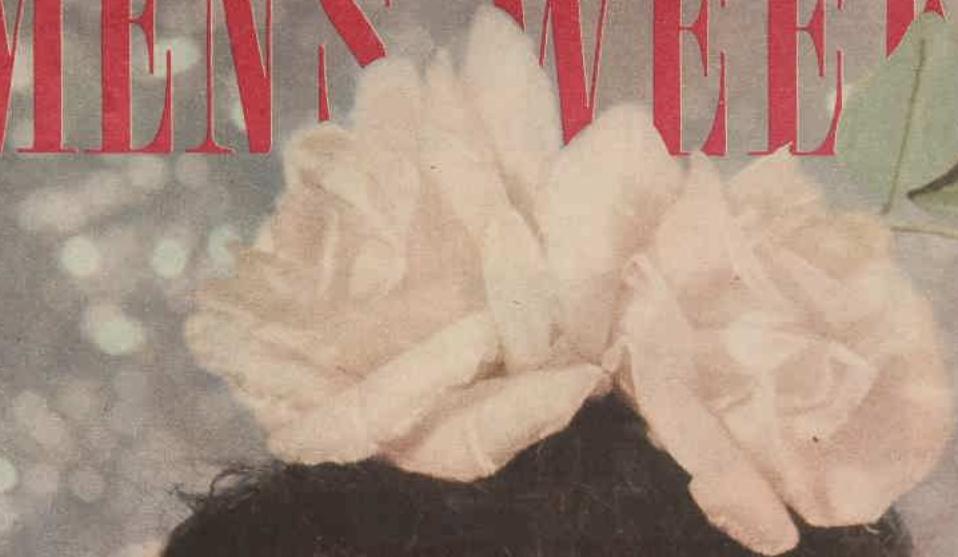
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The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



MARGO MCKENDRY

Glamor model for our Wool Parades, See page 3

How lovely you look tomorrow...



depends on how well you clean
your face tonight...

and cleansing means more
than just soap and water!

Tonight see
and feel how
POND'S
COLD CREAM

cleanses completely
whisks out dirt and make-up

Did you know?

Modern make-up is designed to stay on. You can't wash it off with water — you can't clean it off with soap.

What do you do?

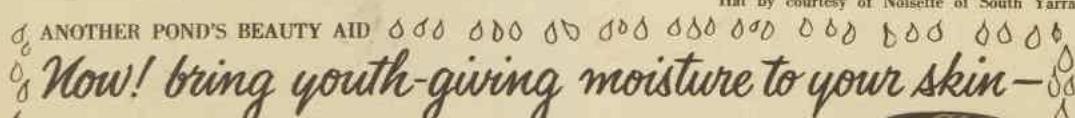
You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream — that's one sure way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind — and everyday dirt, too.

Cleans deeper

Pond's Cold Cream works down between upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves pore openings really clean — refreshed.



Tubes 2/9, jars 4/11 and 7/11.

ANOTHER POND'S BEAUTY AID 
Now! bring youth-giving moisture to your skin —

with moisturized lanolin in **POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM**

Every day, every year — your skin loses some of its precious oils, and some of the inner moisture of youthful skin.

Even from the age of 19 the first signs show — in tiny lines, crow's feet, flaky patches.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream restores the balance of oils in your skin. It provides rich lubricating lanolin and reviving, young-making moisture.

Tonight, see for yourself how Pond's Dry Skin Cream eases away tense frown lines . . . relaxes tautness . . . sinks deep, helps soften and firm your skin.

Beauty products of Chesebrough-Pond's



Tubes 2/11, or jars 5/3 and 8/11.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 27, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 5

Our cover

• Lovely Margo McKendry (shown on our cover and opposite page), Diana Gregory, and Pam Clemson are the three Australian mannequins who will join three famous overseas models for the Australian premiere of our International Wool Parades in Sydney on May 23. This is the sixth time in 3½ years Margo has been our cover girl. Picture by Keith Barlow, staff photographer.

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Fashion

Preview of Our Wool Parades Eight-page Centre Pull-out Section.

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The Weekly Round

• All three short stories and the new serial in the big fiction section of this issue are by well-known Australian writers.

OUR new serial, "The Flame of Murder," is by Margot Neville, one of Australia's best-known mystery authors.

Australian newspaperman Hal Richardson is the author of "Take a Real Man."

"Tenth Anniversary" was written by Mary Bishop — Mrs. Lucille King, of Ipswich, Qld.—author of "It's a Dog's Life," the story of her experiences as assistant to her husband, a veterinary surgeon.

"May Your Face Be Radiant" is by Adrienne Hillier, who is Victorian housewife T. R. MacBean.

★ ★ ★

STAFF photographer Keith Barlow stayed from the beginning to the end of a Saturday dress rehearsal at the Empire Theatre, Sydney, for our brilliant color picture "Grab Me a Gondola."

Keith's time at the theatre was 1 p.m. to midnight. He tells us he enjoyed every minute as he watched the company giving a final polish to their performance.

GALA PREMIERE FOR OUR WOOL PARADES

• French couturier Pierre Balmain will attend the gala premiere of our International Wool Parades in David Jones' Great Restaurant on May 23.

THE Premier of New South Wales, Mr. J. Cahill, and diplomatic representatives of Britain, France, America, Italy, and Germany will be guests.

The evening will begin with a cocktail reception at 6.15. Tickets are £3/3/- each. They can be obtained only by letter, addressed to David Jones Ltd. and endorsed "International Wool Parades."

B.O.A.C. have flown our international models to Australia for the parades, and guests at the premiere will be served a seven-course Comet-flight champagne dinner.

All the women guests will receive gifts of cosmetics and stockings.

Parades will be held twice daily at 3.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. from May 25 to June 4, with the exception of Friday, May 29, when only the 3.30 parade will be held.

Tickets for the daily parades are 10/- each, which includes light refreshments. Bookings can be made at David Jones' special booking bureau, Elizabeth Street store.



FOUR MOODS OF MARGO

● *Lovely 20-year-old Sydney model Margo McKendry is a photographer's delight; Laurence Le Guay, who took the striking pictures of Margo on this page, says: "She has the 'spontaneous look.'" Margo will be one of the mannequins appearing in our International Wool Parades, which have their gala premiere in Sydney on Saturday, May 23.*

MARGO spent eight months in London last year; just a month after her arrival she was modelling regularly for the top fashion and glamor magazines. And she is planning to go overseas again early next year — this time to London via New York.

The secret of her success?

Le Guay sums it up by saying: "She can distil the exact moment of a great emotion on the spur of the moment. Photographing her is always an absorbing experience. Her hair is her most exciting characteristic. I like to photograph it just before it is shampooed."

Away from the cameras, Margo favors a sleek hairstyle. She wears casual clothes, and only a dusting of powder with a pale pink lipstick to offset her olive complexion and big brown eyes.

But at our parades it will be all high fashion for Margo — and the other mannequins: Natha, Carol, Marzia from overseas and Australians Diana Gregory and Pam Clemson.



You have a clever Mother. says G.F.

Keep WARM
Keep WELL
with the
HIDDEN WARMTH
of Wool!

G.F. and Mother take their own good advice . . . they wear Golden Fleece underwear with WOOL in it . . . and HIDDEN WARMTH keeps them well without the need for heavy, hampering outer wear! Choose Golden Fleece for your family too!

GOLDEN FLEECE

PURE WOOL

Kookaburra

WOOL AND COTTON

AUSTRALIA'S LEADING BRAND FOR OVER 60 YEARS

FEATURED NOW AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

His tennis courts are a ruin, but...

Frank is building a fortune in business

• Tennis star Frank Sedgman, who now plays professional tennis only five months of the year, spends the other seven making ace shots in the world of big business. His latest venture is a 100-roomed hotel—with two of Victoria's most dilapidated tennis courts.

THE thousands of pounds Sedgman has made on the courts have been invested in a variety of companies which the former Davis Cup team idol has joined or floated himself in the past five years.

Sedgman's latest venture is the floating of a company, Tennis Pty. Ltd., for the purchase of the Isle of Wight Hotel at Cowes, popular summer resort on Phillip Island, 85 miles from Melbourne.

His partners in this deal are professional tennis players Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad, Tony Trabert, Pancho Segura, and Richard Gonzales.

This is the first time a group of Kramer's professional players have combined in a business venture.

"Sedgee" takes the lead

Sedgman was prime mover in the purchase, and he is conducting all business connected with it.

The other partners have left the matter in his hands. Rosewall and Gonzales, in fact, signed over their share of the price without having seen even a photograph of the hotel.

Although Sedgman would not disclose the price, he said up to £40,000 would be spent

renovating the 30-year-old two-story building.

The Isle of Wight is the only hotel at Cowes, which has an average summer holiday population of 7000.

On three and a half acres of beach frontage, the hotel commands a wide view over Western Port Bay.

"Something will have to be done to use the view over the best advantage," Sedgman said. "We'll have glass replacing a lot of those bricks.

"And a beer garden would do well in front of the building. The present one on the east side doesn't get much sun."

There is a wing of family apartments at the rear of the hotel, and a wing of "bachelor bungalows" at the side.

"They will at least get the latest color treatment, probably more," Sedgman said.

Renovations will be completed in time for the next summer holiday season.

Two non-tennis players have also joined the company to run the hotel. They are Mr. Fred Gilby and Mr. Don McArthur, both experienced in hotel management.

The Isle of Wight has a staff of 32, but Sedgman thinks this

will have to be increased by the end of the year.

The original Isle of Wight Hotel, built in the late 19th century, was destroyed by fire in 1927. Only the gateposts and a lovely old Moreton Bay fig tree in the grounds are left of the old setting.

"This place has great possibilities. I hope our plans will help Cowes develop even more as a holiday resort," Sedgman said.

These plans include the provision of a small fleet of boats which hotel guests can use for water-skiing.

"I've seen sports-sponsored like that by hotels in America, and it has always been successful," he said.

Sedgman's first business venture was the motor garage he owns in Glenferrie.

Since his interests have expanded he has leased the garage, so it doesn't take much of his time or interest now.

The business venture of which he is most proud is the large Melbourne gymnasium which he bought three years ago, in partnership with his wife, from well-known gymnast Frank Findlay.

It was then a flourishing business, but Sedgman has increased the number of clients,

and his appointment books made up as far ahead as Collins Street specialist.

Footballers, cricketers, tennis players, businessmen, radio workers, ballet dancers, schoolboys are among people who attend regulars and Sedgman also trains teams of swimmers, rowers, cyclists and archers.

Frequently he has prospective Davis Cup team members training alongside asthma sufferers or round-shouldered youths — each following specially prescribed training schedule drawn up either Sedgman or his gym manager Stan Nicholes.

Good figures at the gym

"Five hundred people in the books constantly," Sedgman said, "and that's a growing membership. Actually, train 1000 a year."

Nine months ago Sedgman began manufacturing hair straws—the first in Australia under licence to an American firm.

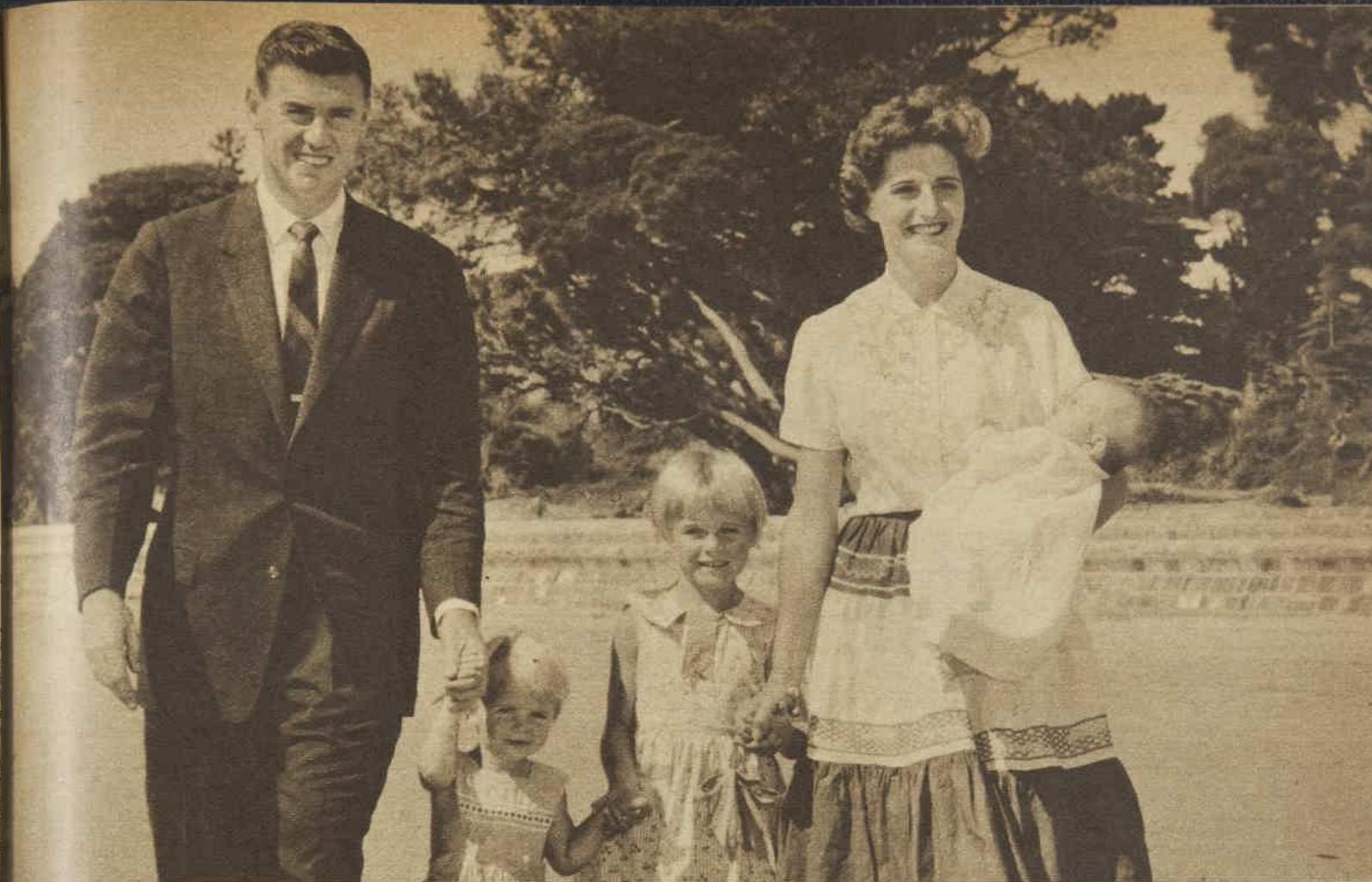
After study of all available factory space in Melbourne, he set up his American machinery, a staff of 14, and an office in Hawthorn, six miles out of the city and about a mile away from his garage.

The factory produces more than 3,000,000 straws a month.

Health regulations in N



THE 100-ROOMED Isle of Wight Hotel at Cowes, 85 miles from Melbourne, in Western Port Bay, has been bought by six leading professional tennis men. Sedgman is conducting all the business of buying and renovating the hotel. His famous partners are Rosewall, Hoad, Trabert, Segura, and Gonzales.



FAMILY MAN Frank Sedgman on the beach at Cowes with his attractive wife, Jean, and daughters Gayle, 2, Roxanne, 5, and two-month-old Kaye. Today business interests make Sedgman's life busy.

9 a.m. start, but he often works on until 10 p.m.

South Wales and Western Australia have so far prevented distribution of the straws in those States, but Sedgman hopes to overcome that problem soon.

He also hopes to get a licence and recipes from America to produce additional flavors this year.

"My own kiddies told me life would be more interesting with more than two flavors in the straws," he said.

Through this factory Sedgman is also distributing flexible straws, another American idea. They are being made under licence to America, through Sedgman, by an Adelaide company.

"These are ideal straws for hospitals, because they bend over at right-angles about two inches from the top," he explained.

Another small company formed by Sedgman owns four squash courts at Frankston, 20 miles out of Melbourne, and, in partnership with his father, tennis coach Arthur Sedgman, Frank owns six tennis courts and another two squash courts at Coburg, a Melbourne suburb.

His day begins at 9 a.m., when he usually calls at the straw factory, attends to correspondence there, then goes into

the gym in the centre of the city.

He is there until at least 6 p.m., often 10, leaving only when necessary for other appointments. The gym is undoubtedly his favorite business.

His father runs the Coburg courts, and the Frankston courts are managed by a local man. When business calls at Cowes, Sedgman takes his family and makes a picnic of the day.

"Sedgee" to the girls in the straw factory, "Frank" to all at the gymnasium, and "Sedge" to his squash court clients, he is still "Mr. Sedgman" to everyone at his hotel.

"But it won't take them long to get around to a nickname of some kind," Sedgman's attractive young wife, Jean, said.

An expert teacher

Young Margaret Smith, a stenographer at his factory, is thrilled with Sedgman's interest in her tennis career.

He has been advising her on training and occasionally watches her practise.

Margaret was recently runner-up in the final of the

Australian Hardcourt Doubles Championship.

Sedgman's quiet shyness with his employees and clients seems to put them at ease, even if his famous name at first awes them.

He doesn't think his name as a tennis personality carries much weight in the business world. "People are more interested in service and value than a name, and that's as it should be," he said.

"People come in hundreds to the gym because it is a good gym, and that gives me more satisfaction than it would knowing that they came because I own it."

Sedgman says Tony Trabert has the same idea as he, putting his tennis-earned money into several investments.

"He's got shares in an oil well, though, so he shouldn't need much else," he grinned.

"Ken Rosewall and Lew Hoad have not begun investing yet, but when they are playing less tennis I'll be glad to offer them any advice," Sedgman said.

"I'm learning as I go, and guess I know a bit about it now. But I did take a lot of good advice from friends a few years ago, when I knew nothing more than tennis."

"Most people who spend

those vital years playing serious sport face the same problem," Sedgman said.

"With no training for a career, we have to invest our money in something that will keep us occupied as well as give our families security."

"But I think I'm fixed now," he grinned.



GYMNASICS INSTRUCTOR Frank Sedgman supervises weightlifting exercises by Steve Gabriel, whose aim is to develop his shoulder muscles.



MANUFACTURER Frank Sedgman visits the production line in his flavored-straw factory in Hawthorn, Victoria. Sedgman makes the straws under licence from America, and has already turned out 3,000,000 straws.

For that clean taste...

Try the toothpaste that *cleans, cleans, cleans*
best of all! New Super White Kolynos!

And you enjoy a fresh after-taste that lasts *longer*.

*For you busy people
who can't brush after
every meal*

*One brushing stops decay
and bad breath...
right 'round the clock!*



"Slow-coach" burns up tracks

But his wife's main worry is that he'll catch cold

By HAROLD DVORETSKY, in Monte Carlo

• "It beats me," said petite, pretty, charming Betty Brabham, "how an old slow-coach like Jack can move so fast on the car-racing track."

JACK is Jack Brabham, at 33 Australia's fastest man on land — and one of the fastest in the world.

After his victory in the Monte Carlo Grand Prix on May 10, he now leads the world driving championship — the first Australian to get even a mention in the first 10, let alone lead them.

But Brabham, out of a racing car, is "just plain, darned slow," according to his 31-year-old wife.

Betty spoke to me in a quiet, small hotel a few miles from here, and which has been the Cooper Car Company's headquarters for the Monaco Grand Prix.

"You know," she added, in a mock-serious tone, "I've never known Jack to be early for anything — unless it's a checkered flag.

"We miss planes. We are seldom in time for boats. And getting him to a dinner or a reception on time is a real effort."

Jack has been Australian champion several times, but Monaco was his first win in a driving championship overseas.

He went to England in 1955 to "look around," and to drive on European tracks "just for the season." Nine years before he had never seen, let alone driven, a racing car.



JACK BRABHAM and his son, Geoffrey, 7, after a car-racing meeting in England at which Jack won the outsize trophy which Geoffrey is holding.

A skilled ex-R.A.A.F. engineer, he saw his first racing car event at a speedway in Brisbane in 1946.

He got the bug, built a car, intending only to act as mechanic to an American friend, Johnny Schonberg. But Jack drove instead.

In 12 months he was Australian midget-car speedway champion. By 1953 he had changed to "real" racing cars, and had begun cleaning up most Grand Prix events in Australia.

His original intention when he went to England was to stay about six months, then return and build a new engineering shop in Sydney for himself. But within a few months he decided to stay.

Helps in pits

He sent for Betty and their son, Geoffrey, to join him. Since then Jack has "commuted" between England, Europe, Australia, and New Zealand, competing in Cooper cars. Most of the time Betty goes along with her husband in their new Holden.

"We both love touring around, and for most trips I go along to help Jack in the pits to time-keep and do the odd jobs," Betty said.

"Most of our trips are only a week or two, and quite a lot of meetings are held in England so we still see plenty of Geoffrey."

The Brabhams rent a charming modern house on the outskirts of Dorking, in Surrey, only a few miles from the Cooper car factory in Surbiton, where Jack is No. 1 driver and team manager.

Jack is the only full-time professional racing-driver who is himself a trained engineer.

"During the season he spends a lot of time at the Cooper works, preparing their cars or at the new garage he is starting not far from our home, preparing his own machines," Betty said.

"If it wasn't for the fact that Jack likes plain food — mainly steaks — I'd have another problem on my hands. Getting him away from the cars for a meal is an effort, but steaks can be cooked quickly.

"Unfortunately, Jack's love of plain food can be a problem at hotels on the Continent. He won't eat sauces and spicy things — which I love — and he likes his steaks extremely well done, which Continental cooks just can't understand."

Unlike other "pit wives," Betty Brabham shows little worry if Jack fails to come round and misses a lap during a race. In fact, Jack and Betty Brabham are as different from Jack's main rival — that other ace driver and his wife, Stirling and Katie Moss — as they could be.

Katie bites her nails, looks worried when Stirling is out on the track. Stirling's movements out of a racing car are fast — to keep up with him during a normal day, one needs excess energy.

Jack's speech and movement — when he's not playing practical jokes — are deliberate and, like his racing, planned. I asked Betty if she worried, despite her placid looks, during a race. She told me: "Naturally I worry, but not in the accepted sense.

Speechless

"Grand Prix motor-racing is dangerous, but I have every faith in Jack as a driver. I get very excited when he's out in front winning — I was almost speechless for the final 10 laps at Monaco.

"When he fails to come round during a race my immediate reaction is to wonder what went wrong with the car, for I know he'll be most disappointed, as he is sure to have prepared the machine.

"My main worry is that he'll catch cold — he's always forgetting to wear a sweater."

The Brabhams adore their son. Wherever they are on the Continent they are always looking for something to take back to him. In Monaco it



ACE DRIVER Jack Brabham and wife, Betty, after one of Jack's victories in England last month.



BRABHAM, driving a Cooper, wins the International Trophy race at Silverstone (England) early this month. Not long before he won the South Pacific Championship at Orange, N.S.W.

30 m.p.h. on the highway

MR. and MRS. TED WALLER, of Fivedock, N.S.W., close friends of the Brabhams, say Betty is the perfect wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller said: "Jack is quite likely to put an engine on the dining-room table and sit in front of it for hours, drinking tea and pondering how to coax more speed from it.

"He may jump up in the middle of a meal to test an idea.

"When the Brabhams visited us in Sydney, Jack spent the entire evening playing trains with John, our elder boy.

"Jack is just 'mad' about anything that goes."

The Brabhams are John Waller's godparents.

Mr. Waller, a former secretary of the Australian Racing Drivers' Club, described Jack Brabham as the finest engineer he has known.

"On the highway he is exceptionally careful," Mr. Waller said.

"Once we drove to Melbourne and 'sat' on 30 miles an hour."

"His interest is in engine performance rather than speed."

Royal visit to Lindeman...



TOURISTS admire the beauty of Lindeman's Settlement, where Princess Alexandra will spend a weekend. Beyond the anchored cruisers is Royal Seaforth Island, where the Queen spent an afternoon on her 1954 visit.

THEY have also long been preparing a cairn of stones and coral to mark the historic spot where the Queen spent the afternoon relaxing in the sun, drinking pineapple juice, looking at the coral, and taking photographs of the Duke spear-fishing.

Now this same three-generation family on Lindeman will act as hosts to the visiting Princess, the second Royal visitor to the Cumberland Islands, of which Lindeman and Royal Seaforth are part.

But this is where history does a somersault, for Angus, the senior Nicolson on Lindeman, is a direct descendant of Angus Nicolson, of Skye, who helped the Young Pretender, Bonnie Prince Charlie, escape from Scotland after the '45.

And, what's more, the British Government offered a reward of £30,000 for the capture of that rebel Angus — dead or alive.

The Barrier Reef islands of Whitsunday Passage, one of the most beautiful sea areas of the world, are much closer than you think, for you can leave Brisbane by T.A.A. in the morning and have a swim at Lindeman before lunch.

And the reason: Lindeman is the only island, in the full length of the Barrier, with an airstrip capable of taking two-engine aircraft.

Two years ago Owen Gillham, of Sutton Creek Station, west of Mackay, ferried a bulldozer to Lindeman from Mackay and with his two brothers spent six months making a 2000ft. strip on the Lindeman plateau below 700ft. Mt. Oldfield.

During this work Owen's attractive wife, Irie, who was

third in a Miss Queensland beauty contest before she became a receptionist at a Mackay hotel, organised Gillham Airways Pty. Ltd. and today runs the entire office-passenger side of this husband-and-wife air company.

Last year, first operating season, their pilots Jerry Flude and Mike Jones flew 1200 people — 52 on one day — to Lindeman, and this season they expect to beat that easily.

You fly north by Gillham from the bustling sugar city of Mackay, over a sea that changes from apple-green to prussian-blue, over deep

purple cloud shadows floating among dozens of dark green islands, to land 60 miles and 25 minutes later on Lindeman.

You drive down a winding road from the plateau into the dappled shadows of coconut palms and mangoes and casuarinas splashed with bougainvillea, the orange-scarlet clusters of bird of paradise, hibiscus so large and gay they look almost artificial.

In this tropical strip, behind a shaded yellow sand beach facing Royal Seaforth and way across Kennedy Sound to the blue peaks of much larger Shaw Island, is

what is known as the Settlement. Its long motel-type guest-rooms have their own bathrooms, and there is a dining-room and bar, playrooms, radio room, office, ferneries, and even a shop.

Under the softly clashing palms, heavy with ripening coconuts, you're no longer in Queensland but on a Pacific island, and this illusion is helped by smiling native girls, flowers in their dark hair, who serve at meals, work around the place, and even dance on the beach at night.

Some of these girls, descendants of Kanaka laborers who worked on the Queens-

land sugar plantations last century, are from Mackay. Some come down each year from the Torres Strait islands to work at Lindeman during the 10 months' tourist season.

Lindeman is a coral-circled three square miles, and unlike most Barrier islands has unlimited spring water, which is piped from the hills. Part of the island is covered in rain-forest and timber, and part is grazing land for the settlement's dairy herd and a few sheep. There are also more than 1000 goats — but they're as wild as fleas.

Lindeman has no native animals, and only two kinds

of harmless snakes, but the island is a bird sanctuary and a stopping place for migrants as they stay a month on their migratory flight to Asia.

The island is noted for fishing and for its closeness to the coral wonders of the Outer Barrier. It is a favorite watering place for the crews of Thursday Island trading boats, who sometimes come ashore to cook a locally speared turtle, native or in the sand.

Lindeman's reputation for good fishing goes back a long way. The Whitsunday tribe of aborigines, a sea people who used bark canoes, called it "Yarkiamba," which means snapper, bream, or sweet-lip.

But the island got its present name, according to Dr. Grant Lindeman, of Sydney, from his great-uncle, Captain Lindeman, R.N. During a naval survey of Whitsunday Passage more than a century ago, Captain Lindeman also named Cawarra Head (on Little Lindeman Island) and Hayman Island, 27 miles north, after his wife, who was a Miss Hayman.

During her stay on Lindeman, in a month when the days are gloriously warm and the nights brisk, Princess Alexandra will be able to choose any number of things to do.

She can swim in Kennedy Sound, relax under the palms along Settlement Beach, explore if she wants to, or walk across the island to Boat Harbor.

And the sea around Lindeman, and Shaw Island across



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

During her Queensland Centenary tour Princess Alexandra will spend three days on Lindeman Island, on the Barrier Reef. From August 29 to 31 the island will be closed to tourists and the Princess will be able to relax in a carefree, tropical atmosphere. This is the second Royal visit to the area; in 1954 the Queen spent an afternoon at Seaforth Island, now called Royal Seaforth, a few hundred yards off Lindeman's Settlement. It is one of the Reef's oldest tourist resorts.

By RONALD MCKIE

GUESTS at lovely Lindeman look out to Royal Seaforth Island in Kennedy Sound as they prepare for a day's cruise.

WEEKLY — May 27, 1959

Satire on film stars

• Here are scenes from the musical hit "Grab Me a Gondola," which recently opened at Sydney's Empire Theatre.

"GONDOLA," a satire on Europe's annual film festivals, was written as a stop-gap show but became an immediate success.

Sheila Bradley plays the publicity-mad film star Virginia Jones in the Sydney production. Her own hair is raven-black, but she wears a blond wig as Miss Jones.

FINALE. Handsome leading man Guido Lorraine, who plays the role of Prince Luigi Bourbon-Corielli, decides to marry the vivacious Virginia.



VIRGINIA JONES (Sheila Bradley) arrives by gondola in Venice for the annual film festival. She is greeted by starlet Marcia Grey (Tikky Taylor).

SHEILA BRADLEY, in her role of Virginia Jones, chews a carrot "so I can see in the dark in sun-glasses."



Introducing **INECTO**

Crème Bleach



miracle new blonding discovery
that *bleaches in beauty... protects*
as never before!

Now you can bleach to the blonde glamour you've always wanted—and still keep your hair soft, silky, in perfect condition! That's because Inecto Crème Bleach protects from within the hair shaft itself. Guards against harshness. Prevents dryness. Easier to use, too, because it is a cream in a tube. No tablets to dissolve. It's so cool on the head—and positively won't run!

Now on sale at chemists
and beauty counters
everywhere

10/6



ICB 2

FATHER



"Now, what is it you want me to do?"

MOTHER



"It's not that he doesn't like YOU Ethel — he just doesn't like being POLITE."

It seems to me

THE wrangle about the shape of the table at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Geneva served one useful purpose.

It illuminated the difficulties of such conferences in a way that a layman could understand.

The customary reports of "procedural problems" wash over the average reader's head.

But an argument about whether a table should be round or square is something that everyone can grasp.

If the table had been square the lesser nations would have sat behind the Big Four. Russia wanted its satellites to have equal placing at the round table.

The solution by the British Foreign Minister, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, that the table should be round, with separate tables for the smaller fry, was ingenious, though odd. No doubt it had the great virtue of introducing a fresh thought, always valuable in dispute.

Before the heads of nations meet—if they ever do—the foreman of works at Geneva has a chance to make himself immortal.

He can make a revolving table and produce it in triumph at the last dangerous minute.

★ ★ ★
YOU can't help feeling sorry for Mr. Stanley Yankus, that dissatisfied American wheat farmer who has now made enemies in two countries.

Having announced that he would leave America because he wasn't allowed to grow as much wheat as he liked, he then had a few sharp things to say about Australia.

The troubles of Mr. Yankus overshadowed those of another American who arrived in Australia saying that he was tired of keeping up with the Joneses.

Probably this American will find that not only does Australia have Joneses but it has its fair quota of keepers-up.

However, things are still a little easier here, judging by an advertisement I have just seen in an American magazine.

In large type over a picture of an elegant room were the words: "Make your NEXT home wonderfully livable with Andersen windows."

★ ★ ★
THE Western Australian Police Commissioner, Mr. J. M. O'Brien, must be enjoying fanmail at present.

His correspondents will be ladies who are pleased that he has imposed a ban on the police release of the ages of women (unless they are charged with an offence).

The West will probably show a sharp drop in the incidence of crime among the female population over 30.

Comments were enthusiastic in New South Wales, where, unless you have the presence of mind to lie to the hospital, you're likely to have your age published after an accident.

One woman said: "At least they could say something general, like 'Over 50'."

Oh, dear, no! "Over 25" might win more approval. And there are plenty of 27-year-olds who wouldn't like that, either.

ACCORDING to a cent story from London, the male model business is booming over the road.

It is only a few years since eyebrows raised to the hair at the mention of a male model.

Nowadays any good-looking young man—or middle-aged man—is free to cash in. George not a snigger is heard from the other boys, or the ladies.

The men are said to be annoyed that even the lower rankers earn only £200 a year, whereas a top girl girl can earn a good deal more.

This won't gain much sympathy from girls because a male model can last twice as long.

Most female models begin to look around in the mirror when they're approaching As mannequins they can have a few years ahead, but for photographs, especially color, they are often near the end of the road.

But consider the prospects for a handsome young man. His face begins to get interesting at 30. From then on he's secure in those charming greying temples begun spread over the top (or disappear).

And even after that some can pick up a few honest guineas striking distinguished poses for somebody's whisky.

★ ★ ★
STUDENTS at a college in Illinois, U.S.A., have invented a variation on the fad for cramming phone boxes.

The entire student body, 201 all told, jump into a bus meant to hold 41.

This is much more practical than phone-box gag. Such excellent practice for public transport.

★ ★ ★
EXTRACTS from a London agent's report about Princess Margaret. "A very reliable Royal source said the family would be happy if the Princess married any nice man . . . The source said the Princess still gets frightened when making speeches . . . The Princess shows little interest in getting married, said the source."

I wonder did you ever hear
The tale of Herbert, Lord de Vere?
Publicity he couldn't bear;
(He grew, when ageing, rather queer.)

The sons he reared were just the same;
All anxious that the family name
Be never tarnished by the claim;
That they had sought or suffered fam-

The first became a Spokesman, who
Expressed important points of view;
The second moved in Circles—few
Were so Informed. That fixed the two.

Their Pa was happy to endorse
The jobs they chose, and said, "Persons
The third will have to be a Source,
Authoritative, sir, of course."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1951

TAB AND SAL FOR AUSTRALIA

Two of Hollywood's young heart-throbs, Tab Hunter, and Sal Mineo, are to do stage shows here.

It's a combination of contrasts. Tab is tall, fair, with classical features and a heroic build. Sal has dark, lustrous eyes, a flashing smile, a Latin temperament.

They will arrive in Australia on May 5 for a series of Lee Gordon shows.

Tab (real name Arthur Salvatore) and Sal (real name Salvatore) are both bachelors, thanks to the adulation of teenage fans, both probably having bigger bank balances than their fathers.

As well as his film-star status Tab, now 27, has built in a highly lucrative second career in America as a recording star.

His first two records, "Young Love" and "Red Sails," sold more than 1,300,000 copies within eight weeks of their release.

Tab himself says he recorded "Young Love" only for a lark. He is astounded at the fantastic sales, which easily passed 500,000 and netted him a fortune.

Sal, likewise, just didn't know at first how good he was. He began his career, he says, "fooling around with bongo drums" to entertain himself and his friends.

"They thought I could knock out a pretty good vocal imitation of a rock-n-roll star," says Sal, flashing a wide grin, "so I decided to try recording. So what happened? The kids loved it . . .

"Actually, I regard my recording career as an extracurricular activity. But, man, it's putting plenty of gold in my bank account."

During the early rock-n-roll craze Sal did two "rock" films for Columbia, "Rock, Pretty Baby" and "Dino."

Sal, who is 20, has just completed a starring role in Fox's "A Private Affair," which also stars Christine Carere, Barry Coe, Gary Crosby, and Terry Moore.

Lots of romances

Sal's act in Australia will include singing, some hoofing, and a turn at the drums. He's reputed to be a pretty good drummer, having studied with the maestro, Gene Krupa, himself.

Despite his bachelor status, Tab has had plenty of romances. But for some reason none of them has worked out. For a while it seemed that

Tab was the boy in Natalie Wood's life, but she married Bob Wagner. Later he reputedly fell in love with French actress Etchika Chourou, his co-star in "Hell Bent for Glory."

The studio was supposed to have spoiled that romance.

Tab also for a while squired Venetia Stevenson round after the break-up of her marriage to Russ Tamblyn.

Tab's most recent interest has been art student Maria Cooper, daughter of Gary and his socialite wife, Rocky.

The two met when Cooper and Tab were working together on the Western "They Came to Cordura."

Some months ago, when an engagement was daily expected, Cooper in his best Western drawl replied to an American newspaperman: "Yup, Tab's a

fine boy. I'm happy my daughter likes him, because my wife and I do, too. It looks kinda serious to me."

It has been suggested, however, that, despite his genuine liking for Tab, the rich and influential Cooper would prefer someone in the social register, rather than an actor, for his only child.

The romance was shortly

before Cooper turned down the role in "The Sundowners" that would have brought him to Australia instead of Robert Mitchum, who will arrive later this year.

Cooper explained at the time he did not want to be away from home for a lengthy Australian location.

Unlike Tab, Sal is more interested in his career than in romance.

He says firmly, "I don't want to marry until I'm thirty, or perhaps even for a few years after that."

"When I'm working I don't have ten minutes a day to

spare for myself, let alone the time to build up some deep, lasting relationship."

Sal is the boy who last year declared his intention of not playing any more "switchblade punk" roles. He cooled his heels for a time between pictures to prove he meant it.

Skater

Tall, fair, and unquestionably handsome, Tab might have been a professional skater if he had not become interested in movies.

In 1949 he and his partner won the California Junior and Senior Pair Championships,

and the next year Tab was runner-up in the Pacific Coast Junior Men's Championship and Senior Pair Championship.

As a Los Angeles schoolboy he was so mad about riding that he worked as a delivery boy and soda-fountain attendant in the afternoon and as a theatre usher at night to get money to hire horses from a riding school.

In 1946 Tab, though strictly under age, joined the U.S. Coast Guard. It was not until he had served a year that his real age was found out and Tab honorably discharged.

Following his first leading role, opposite Linda Darnell in "Island of Desire," a columnist wrote: "Tab Hunter may be O.K. for physical type, but he's inadequate as an actor."

There are some people who even today think that the U.S. columnist was right, though Tab sought to prove him wrong by joining a touring theatrical company to gain experience.

His first fans

Tab has said that he thinks his role of the young Marine in "Battle Cry" brought him his first fans.

Then came "Track of the Cat" with Robert Mitchum, "The Sea Chase," and later two pictures with Natalie Wood, "The Burning Hills" and "The Girl He Left Behind."

More recently he has been in "What Lola Wants," and, sure sign that he, too, is graduating from the boy-next-door phase, in "That Kind of

Woman," with Sophia Loren.

Tab himself likes the role he played in the Western "Gunman's Walk." "I was a mad-dog killer in that one," he says. "It made a nice change."

Last year while making Walt Disney's "Tonka," Sal, playing a young Indian brave, broke a knee when thrown from his horse.

On crutches

"But I've never seen a braver boy than Sal," said the picture's director, Lewis R. Foster. "He put his crutches aside and dragged himself through every scene where he was needed."

An earner since he was 15, Sal last year put a large portion of his savings into buying a house for his parents and schoolgirl sister, Sarina.

He made the last payment this month.

Playing the role of the young prince in the Broadway version of "The King and I" first brought Sal to the notice of Hollywood.

His first film part was in "Six Bridges to Cross."

Next came "The Private War of Major Benson," and in 1956 Sal played James Dean's young friend in "Rebel Without a Cause." Soon after Mineo and Dean played together again in "Giant."

After Dean's death many American teenagers transferred their affections to Sal.

On his return from the Australian tour he will go straight into a remake of the old Ramon Navarro starrer "The Pagan" for M.G.M.

In his day Navarro was the screen's greatest lover, a role for which some far-sighted Hollywood people are already tipping Sal.



SONGSTER SAL MINEO, star of Disney's "Tonka," dated Annette Funicello, a star of Walt Disney Studio's "Mickey Mouse Club," for a picnic.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 195

ON THE BALCONY of the delightful lodge overlooking the giant ski-lift are, from left, sisters Gillian and Juliet Ashton with their mother, Mrs. Geoff Ashton.



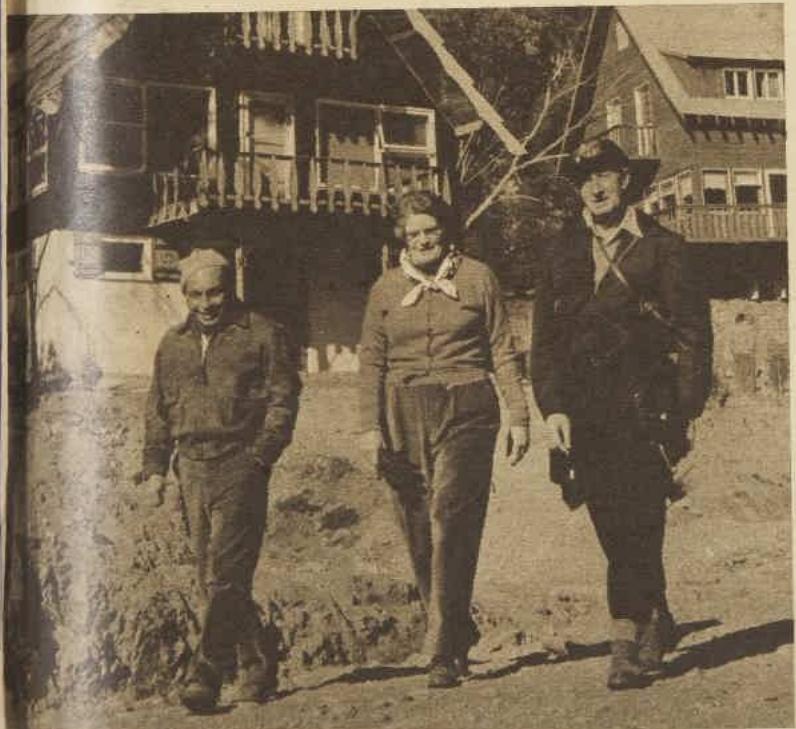
THREDBO'S new ski lodge

• That old European custom of holding a roof-raising party got the snow season off to a very gay start at the Thredbo Alpine village.

The roof was raised on Kareela Hutte when Sir Wilfred Kent Hughes cut a ribbon and performed the naming ceremony. Those who cheered him on included his wife, Lady Kent Hughes, Sir William Hudson, Dr. and Mrs. Peter Blaxland, and Mr. Allan Fraser.



VISITORS to the roof-raising ceremony Mrs. Doug Baglin and Mr. Pat Purcell arrive at the Alpine village. Later they were transported to Kareela Lodge by the 2000ft. chairlift to an altitude of 5840ft., and then toured the village.



ARRIVING for the opening ceremony are Sir Wilfred (right) and Lady Kent Hughes with Mr. Charles Anton. The roof-raising ceremony is an old European custom, where workmen and members join in the celebrations.

RIGHT: Sitting in the sun while they wait for the chairlift are Mr. Don Richardson (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacLurcan, who all travelled down to Thredbo for the roof-raising ceremony and party.



ENJOYING the dinner-party celebrations at the roof-raising party in honor of Kareela Lodge are, from left, Marian Maidment, Rosemary Bursill, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bursill. Photographs were taken by Douglass Baglin.



The Flame of

COME to a stop at the gate at the end of the road, a secluded red bush road, lively this summer afternoon with the carolling of magpies in the tall trees, and there stands the house, Burnside, facing you four-square. Call it a cottage, rather, of modest dimensions, with a grey slate roof. An honest frontage, no deception about it, crime, much less murder, the last activity you would associate with it.

Today will give the lie to that confident assumption.

A house of brick, weathered by over ninety summers and winters, with a trim porch, two bland windows below, two above, and then the attic's more frugal pane. Walk up the path through the garden of grass and shrubs, sniffing as you go at the innocent-smelling daphne and flowering currant bushes, and open the front door.

Keep your eyes on this door. The fresh peacock-blue paint on it is going to have a grim significance shortly.

Step into the passage that is too unswervingly straight and narrow to be dignified by the name of hall. When the door at the far end is open the eye is carried clean through to the grass plot at the back and the apple tree making an island of shade on it. The passage is furnished with one Windsor chair, a slim table, and a mirror over it.

Take a look at the rooms on either side. Such rooms, so square and uncomplicated in shape, could never attempt, surely, to hide a secret. They tell the simple tale of the conventional upper middle-class family of Latham that built this house and lived in it for three generations. The carpets are of worn Brussels, the furniture is an accretion of all of those ninety years, from mid-Victorian curves and curlicues to present-day rectangles. Drawing-room, study, dining-room, kitchen, and scullery—there's your whole ground floor. Nothing up its sleeve, not so much as a cupboard under the stairs.

Climb those stairs, narrow, too, but cheerfully light, with white banisters and brass stair-rods, to the landing.

Off this landing are two front bedrooms, sedate and cosy and righteously spurning, you'd say, any hint of the sinister. Several of Angus Latham's uncles and aunts were born in that mahogany bed, and more than one or two died in it peacefully late in life of highly respectable diseases brought on by nothing more racy than rising taxes and sinking vitality. The once dressing-room at the back is now a third bedroom, gone flowery and chintzy of late years.

Another brief climb and you are in the attic. This runs across the whole top of the house, and has as well as the front window one at each side, facing north and south. The north window looks across to Carl and Toni Hennessey's orange orchard, a thing of beauty always, carrying, at this present, a crop of half-formed fruit and a heavy mortgage.

Out of the south window you will lean to gaze on a distant chain of low blue hills, letting your eye skate mercifully over the squatting small house and sheds and outhouses that is Colonel Fewster's habitation.

He has lived there for a long time, since his wife died some years ago, with a housekeeper, Mrs. Siskin. He is elderly, gregarious, and an accomplished gossip.

Burnside was built by the present Angus Latham's great-grandfather, a retired English naval officer. He it was who founded the little settlement of Latham West that nestles cosily among the low hills fifty miles from Sydney. It was he who dotted the landscape with those poplars and oaks and planted the weeping willows along the bank of the creek. Denis Paget's car, with caravan attached, is parked in the shade close to the water this afternoon.

From this window, too, your eye can see the much larger house built by Angus Latham's father when the family fortunes prospered through the good judgment, or good luck, of the first Latham. The house is just visible half a mile away behind that screen of

black-green pines, than which there is no tree more stately, more efficacious in protecting a "gentleman's residence" from the dust of passing cars and his private life from the vulgar gaze and the clack of vulgar tongues.

In helping to preserve the Lathams' privacy and prestige these pines have done a singularly efficient job throughout the years. It would have taken more than they, however, to silence the tongues about the events of that scandalous disastrous night of a year ago, after which Rowena, Angus' wife, had hastily removed herself from the Latham West scene.

On this particular summer afternoon at Burnside, below stain a working bee of five people had been adding a few touches of homely cheer, fresh cotton curtains in the kitchen, a coat of bright paint to the front door, for the new tenant who had taken over that morning. The last of the old Miss Lathams had died a little over a year ago, and since then Burnside had been let furnished. Last month, finding it vacant again on his hands, Angus had let it to Vivian Wyatt, who had recently returned from a year's tour abroad.

The work undertaken hadn't taxed anyone unduly. Then had been a tea break at a quarter to eleven, hot cakes made by Mrs. Siskin and brought along by Colonel Fewster in most neighborly fashion. Angus' picnic hamper under the apple tree had brought about a dozen tools at one sharp and had remained open until two-thirty.

After that comprehensive meal, energy on all sides had apparently flagged. Vivian herself had been in the kitchen, tidying cupboards, rearranging china on the dresser, and putting away odds and ends.

No sleek and shining tile here, no stainless steel, but scrubbed wood and a brick floor and a specious table in the middle that invited piping-hot meals on winter nights. The sun had almost run its westward course and the kitchen was beginning to cool off after the burning heat that had laid its hand on Latham West for the three days past. The room smelt of baking and the coffee and spices that Vivian had just put away.

Now, everything in order, she looked around her complacently, having found a certain satisfaction in these tasks, so small, so mundane after her months in Europe.

Yes, she was glad she had decided on this move. The house wasn't new to her. For several summers before she went to Europe she had come up to Latham West to stay with the Lathams at the Hennesseys. It was the kind of little house of which anyone passing the gate might think I'd like to live there. A neat little, tight little, trim little house. She had been staying with the Hennesseys last December on that night . . . that disastrous night Burnside would suit her purpose very well until her mother and father came back from England and their flat in Sydney was free again.

Was that really the reason, just for convenience, that she had taken Burnside? Or was it impulse that people had to go back to a place where they had been acutely happy, or even acutely unhappy. In Latham West she had been both. It was here she had met Denis, and here she had lost him. She had loved him desperately, she had hated him still more. Everything had crashed, —her pride, her vanity, her self-esteem. All her life she had had everything—money, family love, and admiration. How dare he let her down?

The kitchen door opened and Vivian looked around.

Angus Latham came in with a hammer in one hand and a screwdriver in the other. He came forward to the table and put the tools down, stepped over, and wiped his hands of them on the roller towel. He was tall, well built, inclining to brawny, had regular features, and carried an air of unassailable authority. He was rich enough, privileged enough to do exactly as he pleased. He was popular in Latham West. He patronised the local shops.

SHEILA

ANGUS

MRS. LATHAM

MR. TYSON

MURDER

Beginning our new
serial, a mystery

By MARGOT
NEVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

DENIS

COLONEL
FEWSTER

With a scream rising in her
throat Vivian recoiled in horror
from the body which lay on the
floor of the attic.

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far as they could supply his wants, sat on the church council, and identified himself with every movement in the place.

Dropping the towel, he said: "Well, Viv, I think we might as well call it a day, leave you and Sheila to your own devices. Though why we all had to be messing about here today, with our amateur efforts, beats me. I could've had anything you wanted done."

"Don't worry, they thoroughly enjoyed it."

"My poor old aunts would turn in their graves to see a peacock-blue front door at Burnside. And Collins would've come over and dug the garden. However . . . tightened up those hinges for you and fixed that china shelf in the corner cupboard in the drawing-room. I think it'll stay up."

"I hope so, I'm sure!" she said with a gleam of mockery in her enormous eyes, dark grey and thickly lashed.

Looking in Vivian's eyes with their subtle play of expression you forgot that she wasn't beautiful, that her face was a shade too thin and usually a little pale, but there was something rather ironic in the set of her full firm lips. Her hair was dark brown. Her figure, slimly hipped and breasted, looked perhaps its best in the denim pants and cotton sweater she was wearing.

In Vivian's landlord today there was an abstracted air. He walked about the kitchen and at the window, with its view of the side garden; he was silent for a long moment, looking out to where Toni Hennessey and Quentin Rivers were motionless at the end of a newly dug vegetable plot, like two figures cut out of their surroundings by the lens of a camera.

"Pity people can't keep their tongues quiet," he said a minute, turning back. "Clack, clack, clack! I never saw such a place as this for gossip."

"In common with all other small places, my dear," Vivian said.

Angus answered her absently. "Yes, I suppose so. They haven't got enough excitement in their own lives, so they have to whip it up out of other people's. All the scandal-mongering! Naturally Quentin likes going over to the Hennesseys'. It's bright and cheery there. Toni's always on for anything. If he hangs round her too much, well, it's up to Carl to chuck him out. But he won't, so what's all the talk about?"

His abstracted expression had given way to one vaguely worried. He searched for the kitchen matches, and lighted a cigarette from a packet on the table. "And now all this gossip about the boy has reached Rowena's ears," he said between deep pulls on the cigarette. "That, she says, is one of her reasons for coming back."

Vivian lifted her head and looked at him full. Then it was true, the thing everyone had been whispering, that Rowena had come down from her brother's place and was stopping in Sydney. Toni had mentioned it. Colonel Fewster had dropped a hint, Angus' mother had said something that could be thought to mean that. Now here was Angus himself flatly stating it as a fact. He returned her questioning glance. "I suppose everyone in the place is shooting off his mouth about that, too?" His eyes searched her face.

"Well . . . someone saw her in town . . . it got about."

He nodded ruefully, put both hands on a chair-back.

To page 37



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THROUGHOUT
AUSTRALIA

LETTER BOX

We've little chance to be 'Australian'

WHAT is the Australian way of life? New Australians are told to adopt the Australian way of life for themselves and their children, yet all they hear and see via the movies, radio, and television is the American way.

Other countries have their national songs, dress and customs. But here, even "Waltzing Matilda" is now mutilated by crooning American voices, real or imitation, and so it goes on. In a few years' time will it be left to broad-brimmed hats to define an Australian?

Mrs. D. O'Sullivan, Box 10f, Post Office, Junee, N.S.W.

Umbrella uplift

I THINK firms should make umbrellas with good strong handles which elderly women could use as walking-sticks. Old people do not like using ordinary sticks, because they think sticks make people pity them.

A strong umbrella would take away their helplessness without making them feel old.

Mrs. A. Dum, Highbury East, S.A.

Safety lights

IN the interest of safety, nothing should distract a driver's attention from red and green traffic lights. Yet neon signs make a glaring confusion of color. If the makers were prevented from using red and green, then surely those two colors would stand out all the better as traffic lights?

C. M. Sholton, Canterbury, Vic.

He fought

It's nicer in front

A SALESMAN called at my home on a recent cold morning, knocking at the back door, which was shaded at that time. He would have had a more responsive "victim" if he had called me to the front door, which was bathed in sunshine, and a lovely spot to talk over his wares. Where was his sales psychology?

Mrs. Mavis Martin, Box 457, Post Office, Mildura, Vic.

Thanks would please

EARLIER in the year I sent greeting cards to five of my friends for their birthdays, going out of my way to find suitable verses and pretty cards. Weeks have rolled by, and not one of them has bothered to say thanks. Surely it is not too much trouble to write a short thank-you note? My mother taught me very early in life that a prompt thank-you note was one of the most important of the social graces.

"Patsy" (name supplied), Seven Hills, N.S.W.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Over the first hurdle

Talking-point on migrants

I CAME from England six years ago to settle in Australia. I am ashamed to admit that M.C., of Corrimonal, was right when she complained (22/4/59) that some migrants are always praising the Old Country and running down the new. How silly it is to live in the past. Where is your spirit of adventure, British migrants? Let us settle down and make friends.

"British Migrant" (name supplied), Warwick, Qld.

I SUGGEST M.C., of Corrimonal, should try to be a little more understanding towards British migrants of her acquaintance. Some years ago I was abroad for only a few months and felt homesick. To talk of home is the only way of bringing familiar faces and places nearer than 13,000 watery miles away. If M.C. listened and learned something of migrants' interesting homelands, she would no longer be bored.

"Tried it," Geelong, Vic.

Rude ring-off

OFTEN when I am on the way to answer the phone the caller hangs up and I left wondering who it can be. It is not always convenient to lift the receiver minute the bell rings. So callers could let the phone a couple of times before being impatient and hanging up.

Mrs. M. Pretty, 41 Sub Pde., East Hawthorn 13,

Unforeseen danger

FOLLOWING the eclipse the sun I read of Italian migrant whose were damaged because could not speak or read English and had no warning of the danger. Considering the number of New Australians this country I think all warning notices should be given in other languages.

Miss Barbara Cleary, Mellor St., Meadowbank, N.S.W.

TV eggs worry

I THOROUGHLY enjoy watching cookery on TV but it worries me to see broken into a mixture in of on a saucer to see whether they are stale or even bad. Other viewers think I am right or wrong about this.

Grace Trevitt, 112 Balmoral St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Now it's model

ISN'T it odd? Women have been striving for so long to emulate men. Now the model is on the other foot, with opening in a southern State of a model school for girls. Hurrah for the Beau Brummells!

Mr. A. E. Brown, 18 Main St., Woolloomooloo, Brisbane.

Ross Campbell writes...

"IT'S not fair! You always clean out the dish!"

A dispute was going on in the kitchen for the privilege of scraping a pudding-bowl.

My wife settled it efficiently. "Did you clean up the custard dish?"

"Yes."

"Then it's HER turn to clean up the chocolate pudding."

Why is there such keen competition to scrape the last bit out of a dish?

We called it "having the lick" in my youth. You wiped your finger in the dish and then licked it. Spoons are more generally used for the purpose now. I suppose it is the march of progress.

Why does a little bit of something scraped from the bottom of the dish seem more tasty than a helping on your plate?

I think the reason is that it represents a bonus — something extra which you didn't count on.

I confess I am strongly drawn to the practice.

Scraping or wiping dishes is frowned upon by etiquette experts,

THE LAST LAP

so the safest thing is to do it when nobody is looking.

My great weakness is the gravy left in the frying-pan after lamb's fry and bacon.

I sidle up to the stove, give a furtive look to left and right, and swish a piece of bread and butter



quickly across the pan. It is inelegant but yummy.

Little pieces picked off pies and things have the same attractiveness. It is the bonus quality.

You need iron self-control to refrain from sneaking those extra bits of pastry from the top of a steak-and-kidney pie.

Picking is illicit, of course. It can

land you in more trouble than licking.

I remember the row when one of my brothers pinched some letters from the inscription on a birthday cake. He changed "TO THELMA" to "O HEL."

The urge to do these things is very widespread.

Last month we were asked to dinner with the Orpingtons, most refined people.

When the roast pork was put on the table I was painfully tempted to snap off a bit of crackling. But I was on my best behaviour and held back.

Imagine my surprise when I saw Mr. Orpington slyly pop a piece of crackling into his mouth as he was carving.

After the pudding, a whipped-cream bowl invited a scrape. While the others were talking I quickly ran a spoon over it.

But Mr. Orpington saw me. "Bags I scrape the pudding-basin!" he whispered. And scrape it he did.

As Robert Browning said: "The little more, and how much it is!" I bet he enjoyed scraping a whipped-cream dish.

May your face be radiant

A complete short story

By ADRIEN
HILLIER

KAY stacked the last of the breakfast dishes and looked through the kitchen window at the blackbird, who was whistling tentatively in the plum tree.

"Come on," she coaxed, "a real song this time—you won't be here much longer, but I'm glad you stayed for my birthday."

Obligingly the bird poured his full range of exultant notes into the morning sunshine, and Kay hung the dish towel up triumphantly.

"Now what," she said aloud, "could possibly be wrong with being forty?"

"You'll find out," said a voice from the doorway. "There's a touch of grey at your temples, a slightly rheumy look about your eyes. Also, you talk to yourself—that's bad."

"Liz," exclaimed Kay delightedly, "and so early in the morning."

"Well, it's your birthday," said her friend. "I made a special effort. Having a good day?"

"Well, it's scarcely begun," Kay reminded her. "Mother rang first thing, and she won't believe I'm forty. Then my sister called and she said that if I'm forty that makes her forty-five and she isn't going to stand for that."

"I don't blame her," Liz sympathised. "Look what I've brought you."

The book was large and impressive-looking and Kay wilted before the title—"When You Turn Forty—What?" She looked up to see Liz's twinkling eyes on her and laughed in relief.

"I couldn't resist it," Liz said. "I've pecked at a few chapters and I can just imagine how it will amuse you."

"Do I have to reorganise much?" Kay asked.

"Almost entirely," her friend mourned. "You've got to stop listening to blackbirds singing, for one thing—that's escapism. You've got to start thinking of yourself as a person; develop your buried intellect, take up the slack, as it were."

"What slack?" asked Kay indignantly.

"Well, your children are growing up, Kathy's eighteen, Bill's fifteen, and Mike is—"

"Teen," supplied Kathy. "Go on." Liz pointed to the book. "According to this, you have to start some mental preparation for the day when they'll no longer need you. You have to join clubs and reading groups—go to school again and all that sort of thing."

"Not today, though," Kathy pleaded. "The sun's so lovely, I thought I'd just potter in the garden."

"Alice," Liz went on, ignoring her, "you have to take stock of your attitude towards your husband."

"Oh," said Kay guiltily. "It's never very good in the mornings, but it improves as the day goes on."

"You're hopeless," said her friend. "Give me some coffee and we'll talk about our friends and enemies, and you can attend to the mental-uplift department later."

After Liz had gone, the blackbird sang until noon, while Kathy made beds and swept floors and dusted.

"Keep going," she called to him. "While you're here I'll never have to take up any dict—you need a constant audience."

Over a solitary lunch she scanned the pages of the book with an expectant smile. Finally over a second cup of tea she went back to the beginning and began to read thoroughly. Later she looked at the clock in disbelief and put the book down reluctantly. The sun seemed to shine less warmly through the kitchen window, and she saw with regret that there was no friendly warbler in the plum tree.

Somehow, quite suddenly, being forty had become a solemn and ponderous affair. It was, she thought, a little like the feeling you might have when you left a well-loved house and closed the gate behind you for the last time.

She looked around the living-room disconsolately. The book said that as a beginning it was a good idea to move the furniture around. She shook her head helplessly—she never had been a person who liked change; instead she grew a fiercer sort of attachment to things as they stood. That would come under the chapter called "Stagnation," she thought guiltily, and compromised by moving John's chair a foot or so back from the fireplace, knowing gleefully that he would promptly inch it back again that night.

Aimlessly she wandered out into the front garden. Old Mr. Dickie was there for his half-day, trimming off the lawn edges.

"Do you think," she suggested, "that some of those shrubs would stand shifting?"

"No," he said amiably. "Why?"

"It doesn't matter," she apologised. "I just thought it might be a change to have them on the other side."

"Position'd be all wrong," he said flatly. "You can't take things out by their roots and expect them to thrive in a place they're not used to. How would you like it?"

"I'd hate it," she admitted, and retired vanquished.

Mike had an elaborate air of mystery when he came home from school, and avoided any mention of her birthday. Bill did the same thing when he came in later. Kathy arrived with John just as the television men finished installing her present.

"John," she breathed, "we'll be ruined."

"Happy birthday," he grinned, kissing her. "Might as well be ruined on your fortieth birthday as any other. Like it?"

"It's wonderful," she said, "but the overdraft?"

"I don't have to look the bank manager in the eye any more," he explained. "He's got a brand-new snap-brim hat and he doesn't see anyone on the bus."

"I promised to go over to Bob's place for a little while after dinner," Kathy said, "just to hear a new record. Is it all right if I bring him back for supper?"

"I made a birthday cake," answered Kay, "so I expect it is."

"Had a good birthday?" John asked. "What have you been doing?"

"I put the new curtains up in Mike's room," she told them. "Come and see."

In the doorway she turned ruefully.



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As Kay listened to the blackbird's

joyous song she wondered what could
possibly be wrong with being forty

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A dramatic story of the outback

By HAL RICHARDSON

Take a Real Man

YOU take a fella out of the New Guinea jungle, where he has been sweating it out for two years, fighting boredom and the Japs in turn, and then you set him down in Korea to sweat it out again for another 15 months. Boredom and the Commies. And then you pick him up and set him down in the jungle again, this time in Malaya, and when all that is over you have a man you reckon is not going to be much use to you on a farm that needs only a couple more bad breaks to wrap it up in black crepe ready to be picked up by the bank that holds the mortgage.

That's the way Craig Darcy looked to me when he swung out of the jeep and strode up to the verandah with his hand out. He looked plenty different to the kid I had slung onto that Yank plane when she sat down on the sloping strip at Wau while the Japs and our boys swapped fire across the runway. I suppose I looked different myself, but that didn't show in his eyes.

"Hiya, soldier," he said as he stooped down and took my hand. "The reinforcements have arrived."

He straightened and looked around. "Oh, brother," he said with cheerful disgust. "How did you get yourself into this duthole?"

Elizabeth beat me to it. She came up onto the verandah belting the dust out of her hat on the seat of her jeans and said, "You'll see no better country anywhere in New South Wales, Mr. Darcy. In Australia for that matter."

I could tell by the tight way she got that out that she wasn't sold on Craig Darcy. Looked like they might even have traded a few hard words as she drove him from the railway station in the jeep.

She came round the back of the wheelchair and rubbed her fingers into my scalp. It was enough to bring my heart right up into my eyes and I could tell by the way Craig looked away that he had seen it there.

I intercepted. "Glad to see you, Craig." And that was true. I'd have been glad to see anybody at this time who was ready to give me a hand.

Eleven years ago I had taken over this property with the help of the Government's rehabilitation scheme and a loan from the bank and at first everything had fallen into place. They were good years and my cattle fattened while my mortgage slumped down. Then the daughter of my big landholding neighbor came home from her finishing-school in Sydney and she and I fell into place, too.

Some day Elizabeth and myself were going to marry and bring up a large and healthy family on these same rich acres,

but first the bank had to be paid right off and the homestead rebuilt. That was good for a laugh, now.

Eight months ago they had taken me 200 miles to the rehabilitation hospital at Concord, Sydney, and there told me that the thing that crippled my legs and kept me rolling in pain was arthritis; and they told me, too, that arthritis was a thing medical men didn't know a great deal about as yet.

So the wheelchair. Then there was the procession of fun hands who weren't interested, anyway, except in the dough I could pay them and the hours they could sit in the shade and smoke. Then the dry spell came and now she was full-blown drought, with plenty of men in possession of two good legs and a healthy bankroll getting squint-eyed looking for rain.

From where I sat with two useless legs and no bankroll in a piece of property, that should have been green and thick with stock, might have been in the no-rainfall country instead of in the usually rich valley of the Mundowey River.

That's why I wired to Craig Darcy to come when he was sure that he wasn't signing on again after the Second Battalion of the Royal Australian Regiment finished tour of duty in Malaya.

His was a letter from the blue and he said a lot of things in it, including his reason for wanting a job with me was to pick up some tips about the way a cattle property was run these days, because he thought he might pick up a small place later for himself.

So there we were, off to a fine start. I put my fingers over Elizabeth's hand and gave it a squeeze. "You're seeing my place at its worst, Craig. We had four points of rain last month. Four points the month before. We've been carting drinking water for ourselves from the river and when she dries there's goin' to be nothing for the cattle."

I think it was then that I got my first premonition of trouble ahead. Craig looked around again, briefly.

"River?" he said with a jerk of his chin towards the bed of trees lying at the bottom of the hill slope, and, not needing my answer, he hooked his thumbs into the waist of his faded jungle greens and said, "She'll be apples, Bluey."

He used to call me Bluey when I was his platoon sergeant.

"Yeah," he said, sort of to himself, "you've got a man on your property now."

It was the way he said it—sort of blandly confident in the way that showed he didn't consider he was boasting. It was the way he read the situation and maybe he was right.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1955



Craig was sitting down and smoking, quite oblivious of the fact that Elizabeth was hard at work.

because here on the verandah was a cripple in a wheelchair and the only other male was six feet one, built light and wiry. And Craig looked a man, too. That's what a lot of hard soldiering does for a man. It keeps him on his toes and gives him a self-respect that makes his shoulders straight and his firm.

Elizabeth didn't see it that way. She took her hand off my head and stepped closer to Craig. "If you're half the man that Justine Blainey is you might get by in this neck of the woods, Mr. Darcy," she said, and her chin was high. She always called me Justine. Her family was a bit strict about such things as calling people by their proper names and watching the social obligations. They were good folk, but that was their style.

Craig laughed. It was a soft laugh and I knew he found it funny. Here was a girl staring at him defiantly and he could have picked her up with one broad hand. Then he winked at her slowly and the smack came a split second later. It was as hard and dry as my top paddock, that flat smack sound.

"Friend of yours, Bluey?" he said loud enough for her to hear as she ran down the path and around the side of my kitchen, where she had left her bay mare tethered.

"You might say we're engaged," I said. I couldn't help grinning at that smack, but I knew there was nothing to grin about. "The way things are with me right now I don't think there'll be any weddin' bells."

Craig was looking at Elizabeth as she went by standing in the saddle with her chin still mighty high. I could see she was not letting her anger run along the reins. She was a natural on a horse. One of the best polo players in the district.

"Engaged, eh?" said Craig in a way that made me think he was beginning to take an interest in Elizabeth, and I couldn't blame him. She had the kind of rare beauty that a lot of women try to get with peroxide and pancake make-up.

She was like a golden summer day and her figure was worth anyone's whistle.

"What's the main trouble, Bluey?" said Craig, opening his shirt pocket.

"I've got to get feed and water for my stock," I said.

"Ah, not that trouble," he said, pulling out a tin of fine-cut tobacco and cigarette papers. "What gives about the wedding bells?"

"Same thing, I suppose," I said. "Feed and water. If I don't get both of them, but quick, I'll be busted broke to the wide and that's for sure. With stock fodder and water on the property I could get away down to the big smoke and get some treatment for this arthritis."

He manicured the end of his neat cigarette with his teeth, spat, then lit the smoke and watched the blue stuff drift away on the bone-dry air. That was the way he did it away back. I could see him doing it in New Guinea and it looked as though he'd carried the habit through that Korean bust-up and through that jungle stuff in Malaya, too.

"How was the soldiering?" I said.

"Aah, you know." He took another long pull, hitched the knees of his greens, and squatted on the verandah. "Same old lark. Sweat your guts out. Train for months. March for miles, then five minutes in action. Yeah. I'm sick of sleeping in billets and drinkin' me pay. Time I settled down."

He looked at his cigarette critically. "Time comes when a feller's got to start thinkin' about the future. Gettin' a wife an' all that." He looked at me slyly, then he said, "But I'd like somethin' tame like the ones I've been used to. Not like that doll of yours. What gives with her?"

I told him about Elizabeth and we talked a lot more about what I had done and hoped to do and all that kind of yattatta and then we hit the cot.

The morning I was up and about with the breakfast ready for the plates when Craig surfaced. He came yawning into the kitchen, running his hands through his hair, and he was relaxed and easy, but I could see his eyes change the minute he picked up that first faint sound of hoofbeats.

"That'll be Elizabeth," I said as I poured the coffee. "She has been coming across to turn on the pump down at my irrigation plant."

She came in as fresh and as welcome as a shower of rain, walked around the table and kissed me. Then she looked coolly at Craig sitting grinning to himself behind a plate of fried eggs on toast and said, "Morning, Mr. Darcy," and straight away she switched on a smile and a sweet voice for me and said, "I'll show Mr. Darcy the ropes when he has finished breakfast." She didn't need to add and then we'll see what kind of a hand you've hired yourself, because her meaning was plain enough.

Craig stuffed egg and toast into his mouth and winked at me and I wondered then whether I should have told Elizabeth that he was not drawing pay from me. He had said in his letter all he wanted was keep and experience.

I wheeled myself on to the verandah and watched them get under way, and while Craig was saddling the roan I could hear him talking loud. "There are all kinds of horses," he was saying. "An' there are all kinds of ways to handle 'em. Some men bully horses and there's others who are frightened of horses from the word go. Now me, I just like to give 'em a bit of lovin'. Make a sweetheart out of 'em . . ."

I wheeled back into the house and pretty soon I heard them gallop off together. I could picture what they would see when they got through the thick scrub and stood on the bank of the river. It was no river now. Just a string of waterholes in the sandbed. It might even be that today all the holes within reach of my irrigation piping would have been sucked dry.

Sure, I could put in more piping to chase the waterholes farther along the river bed, but that took money and money was only something that I owed right now.

I lined up the flyswat handy on the kitchen table, opened my stock book, then opened up the local paper with the latest stock-sale prices.

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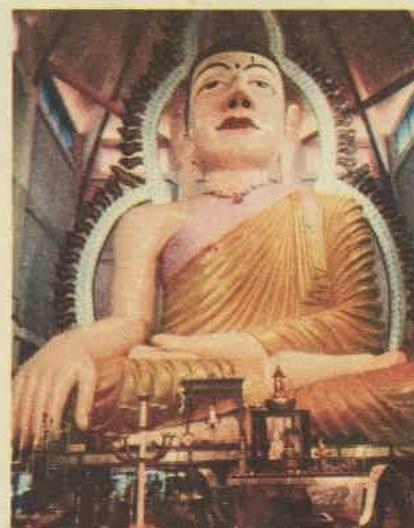


You will be enthralled by the unchanged beauty of Malaya. This lovely tropical country, with its splendid temples and unspoiled native villages, shows you the East just as it was when the famous Sir Stamford Raffles sailed along the Malayan coast in 1819. Native fishermen cast their nets as they

have done for centuries, and sampans crowd the creeks and rivers. The natural courtesy and dignity of the Malay people is also unaltered. Welcome changes are air-conditioned trains and hotels, good roads, comfortable rest houses in the cool highlands and the speed of internal air travel.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1955

Tenth anniversary

By MARY BISHOP

MR. PINN, flat on his back in bed, spent his five-minute-staring-at-the-ceiling-time remembering how it had all started. His wife, then a young bride, had burst into tears because he was cross about a small hole in one of his socks, and instead of having his usual twenty minutes to catch the train he had just made it. Even in those days, Mr. Pinn had learned not to expect much from himself or the world, and was settled into a humdrum routine of living as an accountant for Biggs and Biggs, wholesale grocers. He did not suspect that within him there was a dormant streak of showmanship waiting to blossom. He had never, never tasted the sweet sauce of acclaim or applause.

Mr. Pinn's suburb was a train junction, and since Biggs and Biggs was an out-of-the-way place most of its employees converged each morning on his station platform. That morning Mr. Pinn had walked briskly up the ramp, bowler hat pushed to the back of his head, his walking stick a-swing, and on to the train just as it pulled into the station. He was unprepared for the cheers and handclaps he received from the Biggs' employees.

"We were watching you come down the street and we all thought you'd miss it," explained Hornsby, who slapped him heartily on the neck.

The applause warmed Mr. Pinn's accountant heart like a big fat asset. For the last year Mr. Hornsby always remarked after the cheers and Mr. Pinn's modest bow (if a statement that could be heard from one end of the train to the other could be called a remark), "Never early, never late, and hasn't missed a train in ten years!"

This was not the truth, as Mr. Hornsby well knew. It would not be ten years until this morning. Mr. Pinn looked forward to the morning. He had been living on credit. This morning he would be out of debt.

Since that memorable morning Mr. Pinn had developed a system of balancing time as he balanced his ledgers. So many minutes to shave, so many minutes to shower, so many minutes to brush his teeth, so many minutes to eat breakfast, all added up to bringing him into the station dead on time for his train. At times he juggled the books, and stopped to buy a showlace or buy a periodical at the news-stand, then when he heard the thunder of the train coming into the station he began his brisk walk up the ramp.

This Tenth Anniversary morning Mr. Hornsby promised to have the newspaper reporters and photog-

raphers on the station platform. Mr. Pinn shivered in delight at the thought of having his picture in the papers.

Mr. Pinn had developed a system of split-second timing over the years, but not Mrs. Pinn. She knew her husband's breakfast should be on the table at nineteen minutes past eight. Not only on the table, but cooled enough so that her husband could proceed to eat at once. But sometimes she forgot and passed the time of day with the milkman, or the cat demanded to be fed, and on those mornings her husband had to leave with his breakfast half eaten.

The cook in Mrs. Pinn would not allow her to have the sausages and eggs on the table ahead of time. Sausages and eggs were not fit to eat with the fat congealed on them. And as for keeping them warm, that toughened the eggs. Then there was the budget—generous enough, but it had to balance or Mr. Pinn was cross. She had reached the Tenth Anniversary with no shivers of delight. She had merely reached the breaking-point.

She stood beside the frying-pan with an egg poised ready to crack, listening for her husband to leave the bathroom. His departure from there was a signal for starting the eggs. And now she had to tell her husband of something that was going to happen that would certainly disrupt the routine at the household. She was happy about it, but she was worried about how her husband would take the news.

At that moment Mr. Pinn appeared in the kitchen fully clothed and looking for his breakfast. The shock made her break the egg into the frying-pan.

"I didn't hear you leave the bathroom," she said accusingly.

"Isn't my breakfast ready yet?" His tone was one of astonishment, not of complaint.

Mrs. Pinn blinked rapidly, but in spite of her blinks tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

Mr. Pinn patted her shoulder. "There's no need to cry about it. I'll have a cup of tea and run."

"I'll cry if I like," his wife lashed at him, and began to sob. Her sobs reached hysteria pitch.

"Look, old girl, I don't mind about breakfast. Don't upset yourself so."

"So I'm an old girl!" Her voice rose and rose. "Well, I'm not too old to have a baby!"

Mr. Pinn's eyes jerked from his watch and he gave her his full attention. He grasped her excitedly by the arms. "You mean we're going to have a new Pinn!"

She subsided at the tone of his voice. "You don't mind?"

"Of course I don't mind. Should



have had some addition or multiplication long ago."

"But the budget. I can never balance it now, and with the baby to think about I'll never remember what I've bought, and you can't expect to have your breakfast right on the dot every morning."

At the mention of the budget Mr. Pinn saw red and then he remembered that the baby would be an income-tax deduction and then there was Child Endowment. He dried her eyes. "Don't you worry about the budget or the breakfast. Biggs and Biggs are moving to this suburb next month and I won't have to catch a train and so I won't have train fares."

She flung her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Run quickly or you'll miss your train."

Mr. Pinn knew there was no need to run. He had already missed his train. But he hurried even though he knew it was like trying to strike a balance when it was plain there had been an embezzlement.

His joy was all that it should be over the news that he was to have

(Copyright)

"Isn't my breakfast ready yet?" Mr. Pinn asked in astonishment; whereupon his wife suddenly burst into tears.

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Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

A COUPLE of years ago I became friendly with a boy who lived here. Then the boy and his family shifted to the city to live. He asked me to write to him, so I did. He often comes up here during the holidays and when he does I go out with him. Last time he was up his mother asked me to go down there for a holiday. Should I go and should I keep writing to him? I am 16." —Vicki, Vic.

How nice of his mother to ask you for a holiday. The people to give you permission—either to accept or refuse—are your parents; you must consult them first whatever you do. The next person to consider is yourself. If you want to go and your parents allow you to accept, do so; if the visit doesn't attract you, don't go.

I think perhaps what you really want to know is: is it correct to accept the invitation and also would it place you under an obligation to the boy to continue to write, to go ready or be friends indefinitely?

It is quite correct to accept such an invitation (your parents permitting) because his mother issued it. You would never accept an invitation to be a guest in his home if it was made solely by the boy. A boy may ask you beforehand by saying something like: "My mother is going to ask you to stay with us for the long weekend. I do hope you can come." But you would find that he had his mother's permission to ask you, and that she would second the invitation right away.

Accepting a holiday invitation puts you under no obligation as far as any relationship, existing or potential, is concerned. The only obligation any invitation imposes on you is to accept or decline in a well-mannered way and to be a good guest. A good guest is one who is once more well-mannered, who hasn't inconvenienced the household with

whims and fancies, who helps keep herself and her room tidy and attractive and enjoys herself. The good guest, too, always writes a thank-you letter as soon as she gets home to both her hostess thanking her for her hospitality and her particular friend in the house.

PLEASE can you help me by telling me what foods to eat to give clear, strong fingernails? Also is there a cure for red hands? If so, can you tell me of a cure for this embarrassing ugliness?"

"Embarrassed," Tas.

Drinking an extra glass of milk a day and seeing that you have daily helpings of eggs, meat, and cheese will help you towards strong, clear nails. But to get them in this condition quickly, each morning take in a glass of water a dessertspoonful of gelatine—the ordinary stuff you use to make puddings. It is a form of protein and helps build strong nails.

There is a cure for red hands. It is generally just carelessness that makes hands red. Do you wear rubber gloves when you wash-up, do the washing, or do chores when you have your hands in water? Wear a protective industrial cream when you do housework? And always wear gloves when you go out in the cold? These things are a tremendous help.

To improve your hands in skin texture and color, you must work at them. If you can afford it, buy yourself some lanoline, olive or peanut or some similar oil, and every night massage some of your chosen dressing into your hands. Then put on a pair of loose, old gloves and wear them all night.

Use a special technique when you massage your hands. Rub the dressing in all over your hands first, then, holding your hand up, pretend you are smoothing on finger by finger a poser from Austria, so you can rest assured an expensive pair of skin gloves—don't for-



A word from Debbie . . .

Baby-sitting is a wonderful way to make money, but it is a real responsibility and not to be undertaken lightly. You should learn what to do in emergencies and have your plan of action laid before they occur.

• If the baby is still in his first year, know what to do if he wakes and cries. Ask his mother before she leaves if you should give him a bottle, pat him on the back, change his nappy, give him a sip of water, or sing to him. Make sure you know where everything you need is kept.

• Before the parents leave, get the phone

number where you can contact them in case of emergency. Ask for a neighbor's phone, too, in case you need quick help. Should anything go wrong phone the parents immediately.

• Ask for the baby's doctor's phone number, too. If you need help and can't get a neighbor or a parent, telephone the doctor.

• Do not entertain your friends while baby-sitting, in person or on the telephone. Do not keep the radio, record-player, or TV on full blast—you may not be able to hear baby cry.

• Do your job well—have a look occasionally to see that he's all right.

or washing or scrubbing, with a protective industrial cream when you are sweeping or dusting or doing general house-cleaning.

And don't be discouraged. You must keep on until the treatments become a habit. You can't expect results in a couple of weeks—it took years to get them the way they are.

DIGEST

My principal "beef" is that this and the Schwarzkopf set were not given an alternative recording in English.

This is rectified in part by the release of an abridged "Merry Widow" on one 12in. record (OCLP.1226) done in English by the Sadler's Wells Company. The star here is June Bronhill, the Australian girl who has had such success in opera abroad, and her Prince Danilo is Thomas Round. If something is missing in the way of Continental sparkle, there are other compensations. All the favorite melodies are there, the principals are in fine voice, and you have to outlay on only one medium-priced platter instead of two on the celebrity-type label. It looks as if June Bronhill is all cued to do a series of operetta recordings. Her "Lilac Time" has been issued overseas, and no doubt more of these tuneful shows of yesterday will appear in due course.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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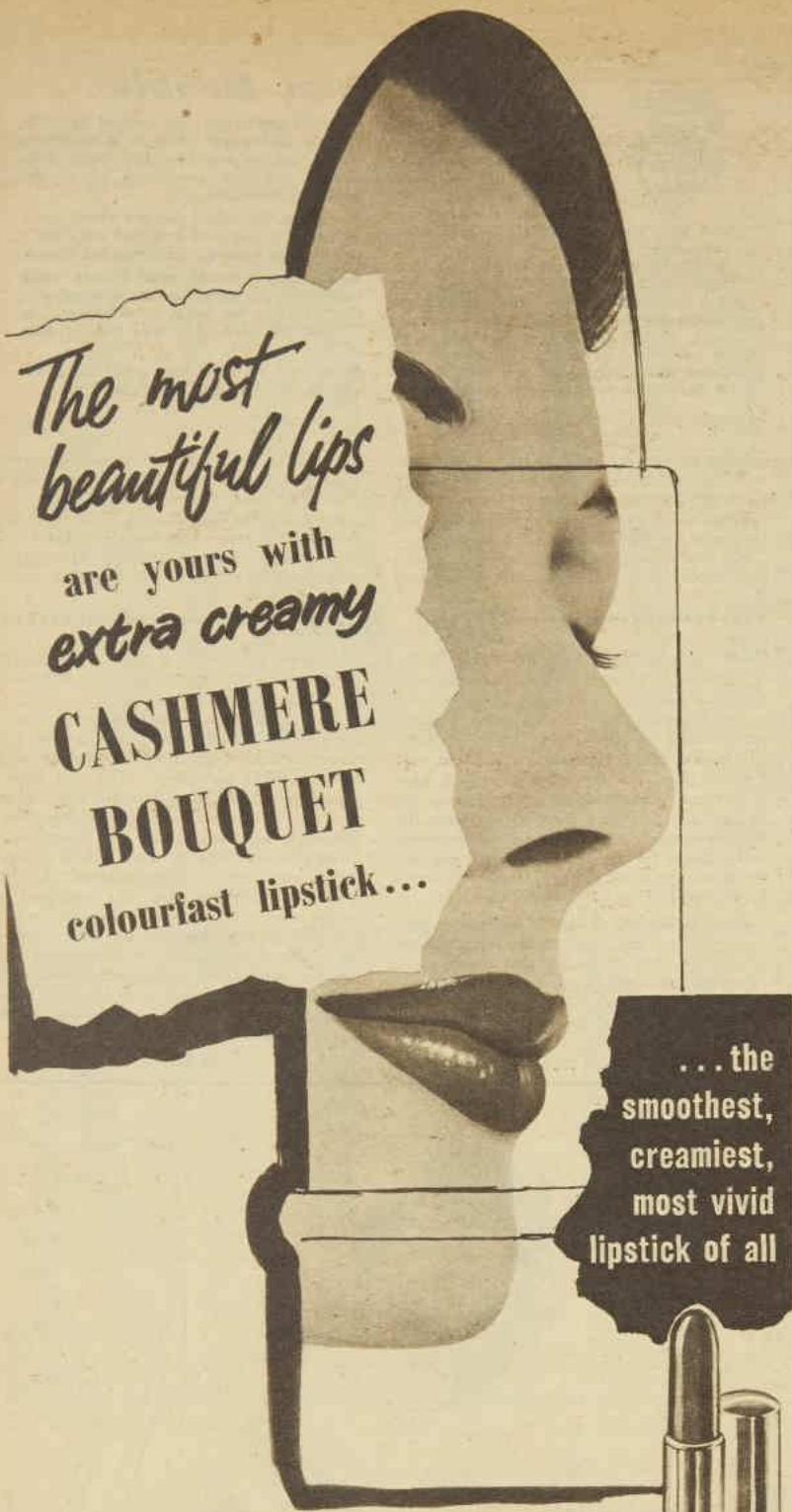
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Continuing . . . **MAY YOUR FACE BE RADIANT**

"They're a bit crooked, aren't they?"

"I like them," Mike said firmly, "they have sailing ships and destroyers and even submarines on them."

"Teacher's pet," teased his father, tweaking his ear.

"Exams next week," groaned Bill at dinner, "they crop up all the time."

"You're lucky," his mother told him, "to be still learning. I'm thinking of taking a course myself."

"You take a course," gasped Kathy, "what sort of course?"

"Oh, something or other," she said faintly.

"What for?" asked Mike.

She put her fork down firmly. "To fortify my mind—broaden my outlook." She paused, but they were still looking at her expectantly. "To take up the slack," she finished desperately.

Bill choked helplessly on his food. "You going to join the Angling Club?" he asked gleefully.

"Sah," Kathy said suddenly. "I know what mother's talking about. We had a lecturer at the Girls' Club the other night. She said something about unexplored potential the need every woman feels to be expert in some particular field. Is that what you mean?"

Kay nodded uncertainly.

"Like hanging curtains straight?" John asked with an air of eager intelligence.

She frowned at him heavily, and then thought uneasily about the chapter on husbands and gave him an extra large serving of ice-cream.

"You watch the first programme," John said nobly, "we'll do the dishes."

Sitting inside protesting, watching the screen, she heard them singing in the kitchen and felt an unreasonable sense of hurt at being excluded from their gaiety.

A variety session began and two men in bowler hats and winged collars sang a ridiculous but well-loved song that was among her earliest memories as one of her father's favorites.

She started a little when Kathy came quietly up behind her and kissed the top of her head. "Won't be late," she said. "Sure it's all right, Bob coming for supper?"

Bill was beside her, scuffing the toes of his slippers on the rug. "Have to go and swot," he said reluctantly. "Rotten exams — just wait until next week, though."

"Mike's gone to have his bath," John told her, "then I've promised him a half hour or so's viewing."

"You're treating me royally," she said. "Everything organised for me."

"Enjoying the programme?" he asked. "You look thoughtful."

The variety show ended and she turned to him. "I've just been writing my memoirs," she said dreamily.

"Good show," he teased. "See you stick out for a decent price."

"It's being forty and having television," she explained. "I've been thinking about all sorts of things."

"Such as?"

"When I was very small and we got our first crystal set and I used to sit with my legs dangling over the side of the big horsehair chair and listen until my eardrums burst."

"Think they'll pay you for that?" he grinned.

"Maybe not," she said. "It's just that you get . . ." She paused, searching for the right words, and then rushed on, remembering the title of the last chapter she had read. "You get beset by doubts," she finished.

"Pancakes," he answered softly, "stacks of them covered in syrup."

"At bedtime!" she said in horror, but there was warm relief in her heart. "You'd have nightmares."

from page 19

"Who: doubts?" he asked cheerfully.

"Have we done a good enough job?" she repeated from memory. "Have we given our children the right sort of memories?"

"And if not, why not?" he chuckled, and then bending down looked into her face. "Have you been going to meetings or something? — you never used to be a Doubting Thomas."

"I've suddenly realised," she said, "that before long the children aren't going to need me any more. Even Mike's growing up, and before he knows where we are they'll be married and maybe miles away."

"By that time," he said comfortingly, "you'll be so involved with this course you're going to take on something or other that you won't even notice."

Mike came in sleek and sweet smelling and sat like an ecstatic angel through a fast-moving film. Afterwards he kissed her goodnight with unexpected docility and started for bed.

"Boy," he said, looking back reverently from the doorway, "am I glad you're forty?"

"You see," John said, when the door had closed.

"There's another thing," she said, "attitude towards husband."

"Filed under 'A,'" he interrupted. "Have you been card indexing all your reflexes?"

"Not exactly," she answered evasively, "but they say there comes a time when conversation may grow awkward—you know, long silences and things like that."

"If that's all that's bothering you," he said hopefully, "there was that awful book I started last year—I can always go back to it."

"This morning," she said irrelevantly, "the blackbird was singing outside the window. It's been there for weeks, and then all of a sudden it wasn't."

JOHN moved

his chair again and sat on the arm of his own. "One of the reasons I married you," he said, his voice shaking with laughter, "was because I loved you when you said things like that."

She leaned against him, feeling the comfort of his rough jacket.

"Now," he said, "about the blackbird. Did you really think that all the birds in the world were going to stop singing because you turned forty?"

"I didn't really," she confessed, "not until after Liz came and brought the . . ."

Bill ambled into the room in his pyjamas, his hair ruffled from harassed fingers.

"I'm hungry," he said.

"Then I'll get you something," she said, rising.

"Wait until this is finished," he said, indicating the screen. An enthusiastic lass was singing one of the current hit tunes.

Kay watched Bill covertly. He was growing up nicely, she thought, cleanly and charmingly. His mouth was mobile and sensitive, and just now she thought his dark eyes held a slightly brooding look. With a quick rush of guilt she accused herself of not always stopping to find out what he was thinking about.

The girl bowed her way off the screen and Kay turned quickly to Bill. "What are you thinking about, son?" she asked gently.

"Pancakes," he answered softly, "stacks of them covered in syrup."

"At bedtime!" she said in horror, but there was warm relief in her heart. "You'd have nightmares."

"In this house," said John, "men are men and nightmares have no place. I could go for a pancake myself."

"I feel pretty empty," he said a small voice from the doorway, and Mike was up then, his face flushed and hopeful. "It's a pancake sort of night."

"I believe it is," agreed John. "It's got that feel about it." She paused, suddenly doubtful. "What about Bob, though? — coming to supper to me?"

"Meet us," shouted John. "He's been in and out of the house since he was in romper."

"This is different," she explained. "Kathy's only just recently discovered him and think this is a sort of declaration — if you know what I mean."

"Formal like," grinned John.

"That's right," Kay said. "She might think pancakes a bit haphazard and they are awfully indigestible for supper."

"Then we'll have them," John decided. "Any man who courts my daughter has got to prove his digestion."

Kay moved towards the kitchen and halted when she heard John's voice addressing his boys sternly.

"Before we have supper," he said, "there's just one question I have to ask and I want a straightforward answer. Is either of you chaps thinking of getting married?"

"Heaven forbid," Bill answered.

Her gaze went to Mike and he blushed right to the roots of his tousled hair and wriggled his bare toes in agony.

John spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. "New enrol for that course now," he advised her. "It's later than you think."

She was getting out the fork and eggs when Kathy and Bill came in. Bob, she thought, she could only dream as brand-new. He didn't look at all like the little boy from down the street, upon whose scratched knees she had so brushed a healing kiss.

Kathy seemed to be walking tiptoe through some enchanted place and suddenly Kay felt a little afraid of the both of them.

"We're having pancakes," she whispered to Kathy. "In the kitchen — or would you rather not?"

"Did you say pancakes?" breathed Kathy, "or was it a lovely dream I had?"

"Dad," Mike was yelling indignantly from the living-room, "you didn't put the card where she could see it — it was right at the back."

He was upon them like a small tornado, thrashing out a white square. She wiped it from her hands and ran.

"May your face be radiant during all the days of your life — despite your devoted family."

She put the beater into the basin unsteadily. "Because my beloved family," she was about to say to them, but instead turned the handle furiously.

John was beside her and looking down into her eyes. "Take one egg," he gently, "and a few teaspoons." "It's just that I'm so hungry," she told him, "and I like having forty so much."

His arm was around her shoulders. "What other excuses would you need?" he asked softly.

Mike propelled Bob into the kitchen in front of him. "Mum," he boasted, "a best pancake mixer in the world."

She looked up at John and smiled into his warm brown eyes.

"My finest hour," she said shakily.

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FASHION

● Here are ten leading fashion questions, and the answers. They sum up all that is important in winter fashions and what's new to wear.

1. Are pastel shades being worn for winter?

YES, mainly at night. But in the day they are not nearly as important as a strong color. Blush is included in "strong" color as is the color of Paris (winter cocktail time). Greens in all shades are having a vogue—olive, and avocado, in that order. Chestnut-brown, cerise, slate, vivid blue, and rose-pink are on the winter color chart.

Chanel's outstanding suit in winter collection was made in raspberry and black tweed. Raspberry jersey faced the rever of the jacket and made the sleeveless blouse.

Balmain choose crimson velvet for a ball gown and encrusted with jet.

2. What is the best buy for a winter wardrobe?

WITHOUT a shadow of doubt the dress that takes in a jacket. Such a two-piece easily be made the basis of a whole wardrobe; it is comfortable dressing for practically any occasion this side of a ball.

Each unit (dress or jacket) do independent in its own right. The dress covered for day wear with the jacket is a chic costume. The dress worn solo and prettied up with accessories is perfect for late day into dinner.

NOTE: On the spring horizon, the jacket-and-dress will be its dress in two pieces—a top undoing smoothly into a straight skirt.



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QUESTIONNAIRE

by BETTY KEEP

3. Do winter clothes have belts?

OFTEN they do, but not always. Right now lots of belts are not at waist level; they are worn slightly above the natural waist or higher. The Empire, or belted-under-the-bust, look was the biggest silhouette influence in the Paris autumn-winter collections.

Australia is enjoying an Empire-line winter season. But belt worn at waist level is also in the current fashion picture. Example: The shirtwaist dress. The newest shirtwaist design has kimono sleeves, a wide belt, a skirt with unpressed pleats.

My advice about the shirtwaist: Don't ban it from your wardrobe. It's what I call a time-proof fashion and one that can be made in practically any type of fabric.

The anti-belt group can carry on happily and fashionably with a shaped sheath.

NOTE: A one-piece dress widely belted at the natural waistline, in self material or leather, will be the world's best-seller in spring fashions.

4. What's new for a northbound holiday?

ORIENT-INSPIRED fashions top the list in news for on and by the sea. This theme includes a shirtwaist cut like a kimono with an obi belt, a Chinese-type jacket (it can double for day and night), and a sarong-type swimsuit made in cotton.

Materials that can be handled without care are wonderful for cruise and by-the-sea fashions. Drip-dry anti-crease cottons and soft uncrushable wools are both perfect for cool days. Tropical colors are new when the sun shines—coral, sea-blue, sand-beige, and the orange and pink shades in a tropical sun.

When a suntan has been acquired, all black or all white can look dramatic. Those new partners, the beach tunic worn over tiny matching shorts, look elegant, but only on the tall and slim. And for shore-going jaunts and general day wear there is nothing better than that ever-loved daytime fashion—the coatless.

5. What news in evening dress?

FIRST of all, the skirtline; it can be long or short and it can be "fussy." The star performer for dancing is the dress with a short bubble, harem, roseleaf or ruffle skirt—very pretty when worn by the young. Young or old will wear the Empire line and it can be short or long skirted.

More news in nightlife fashion is the short tree, often satin, squared by its own coat, and the slender ankle-length dress with a matching ankle-length stole. The stole replaces a coat. Chanel for spring has made wonderful all-black and all-white short-skirted dresses in lace and chiffon. The camisole bodice-tops are finished with shoe-string shoulder-straps. The dresses are worn with copies, in fake jewels, of Chanel's own fabulous jewellery.

6. What is the newest suit silhouette?

SEVERAL are quite new. But the suit with a short jacket plus slim skirt is the most frequently seen shape. The jacket can be belted or unbelted, and its shoulder-line has a slightly rounded look. The second suit silhouette is the Chanel cardigan suit; it has had such a tremendous revival and success

that I am not quite sure if it should not be listed first.

The Chanel tailoring continues, as it has done since the '30s, its delightfully easy fit. Chanel once said "I want women to look young and pretty" and she has done just that.

The third suit is something I label high fashion, and is only for the tall, slender, chic woman. It combines an unwaisted, narrow, longer-length jacket and slim skirt. The jacket is almost a "little coat" and can be treated as such. American designers call it a "walking" suit.

7. Is costume jewellery still worn?

MORE than ever before. In a season of extravagant decolletages, necklaces, pendants, and lockets all have new allure. Beads with much glitter and gleam look very fresh to the eye. Beads are seen strung alternatively with rhinestones or some type of shimmer.

Another fad in costume jewellery is jet beads mingled with a color—often red. Think, too, in terms of scarlet beads worn with scarlet, and bronze beads with brown. It is not a season to be conventional—except when wearing pearls.

8. Is it smart to go hatless?

TALKING of hats—they're "in." A full-scale hattiness is with us and it is no longer chic to go hatless. The hat chosen for a special costume is excellent when a budget and wardrobe are both elastic. But, good news, hats are becoming interchangeable.

For instance, a turban made in printed wool, or possibly one of the new high pillboxes, could be worn with a dress, suit, or coat. So would any of the delicious fur or wig hats. Hat colors? They're dark and deep. And just a jump ahead of fashion is a feminine sailor made in a small check or polka dot and worn tilted forward over the wearer's forehead.

9. Is there anything new about shoes and hose?

YES and no. The shoe of the year is the one that's mostly color. And such color—blues, geranium-pinks and reds, moss-green, orange, and all the blond shades are in the picture. The shoe designed with a narrow vamp and finished with a pointed toe, blunted at the extreme tip, is the chic design.

Heels are shaped, and can be high or low. By next spring there will be less shoe; and it will have plenty of straps, T-shape openings, side venis, and cross straps. Current legs are often veiled in color. Warning: The too bright stockings can become a fashion gaffe. The secret of success in this field is to have the hose shade melt gently into the color scheme of the wearer's ensemble.

10. Are skirt lengths long or short?

MAINLY short. But the fashion error I do want to eliminate is the idea that skirt lengths can be "so many inches from the ground." This does not work as a guide to your particular skirt length. It never has and never will.

Looking in a full-length mirror is the best test, with this thought in mind—that skirt lengths are right now hovering one to two inches below the wearer's knee.



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Continuing . . . TAKE A REAL MAN

from page 21

The way I figured it from reading that morning I didn't afford to sell any stock at the price they were asking and that meant I had hold on until the drought was over. Plain as still to me was the fact that I had no money to buy fodder or to get water held out with.

They came back at mid-morning and Elizabeth moved like a whirlwind. "I've got to tell you this, Justine. You've got to unless know-all here in Mr. Darcy. I reckon he's all talk and no action."

That should have broken the ice and dumped us together in a free-for-all, but Craig took out his weed and papers and rolled himself a smoke, grinning, taking his time about trimming the ends, and lighting up.

Elizabeth said, "How much stock can you afford to lose, Justine?"

"None," I said, fresh from calculations.

She tightened her lips as she moved towards Craig squatting in the shade, and there was a look of I told you so look in her eyes, then she turned back to me and said, "Well, you may as well make up your mind that you're going to lose a lot, Justine. I've shovelled a couple of holes deeper in the riverbed, but they are the last ones the pipes are going to reach."

I could only nod to that. I guessed that was the way it would be. Maybe if I'd been out to get on the end of another shovel the three of us could have shifted enough sand to give me more water, but this was it, only a woman and another man with plenty of other things to do instead of shovelling out tons of sand.

"And your Mr. Darcy," continued Elizabeth, with eyes as red as ice, and light blue eyes as very icy, "was content to sit smoking in the shade while I did the shovelling. Oh, you've not yourself a man, right, Justine?" She snorted. I looked at Craig, but he was more interested in putting out a plume of smoke.

"Well," she said, directly to me this time, "aren't you going to tell him to pack his bag?"

Craig was still watching the smoke of his smoke into the still air.

Then, as though Elizabeth had not said a word, he said, "I was thinking down by the river there, Bluey. I've got an idea and I'd reckon it's goin' to work. Maybe I'll borrow your jeep, eh?"

The way he said it showed unanticipated no-refusal, so I was sure and he straightened up and gave us a casual sort of rhinoceros salute, and the last thing I could hear him say through the gears along the track towards town.

"Oh, dear," said Elizabeth, "I could hear the note of very loud and clear. She came over slowly to the wheelchair and I pulled her down onto my knees, but she didn't sit and drop down on to my lap the way she used to . . .

"He's so exasperating," she said, and sat there light as a feather but all wound up, drumming her fingers on the arm of the wheelchair. "Where did he learn to ride?" she said.

I told her, I didn't know and all I knew of him was that he was a good soldier. Then she asked me, disinterestedly, to tell her how I first met him, and I went through all that and told her how he'd collected a piece of mortar shell while we were on a patrol. She sat silent. That was the second time I got the premonition that there was trouble ahead.

Well, we talked for a while about other things then, and about dusk the went off home and left me sitting on the verandah fretting over the family of the whole set-up until Craig came back in a big cloud of dust and vaulted out of the jeep the way young, active young fellows can.

I could see he was all ex-

cited about something and I remembered that was the way he used to get. First of all he'd sit down and think it all out, examining the angles and doing a dry-run over the operation in his mind, then, when he had it all nutted out, he'd go off like a hairspring trigger.

"Any laws against blasting here?" he said, and my mind was right with him. Didn't he think I'd been at work on that one.

"The only law against blasting," I said, feeling a bit let down, "is that firstly the explosives are too dear; secondly, you have to get a Government permit to buy them; and, thirdly, you have to order them from Sydney, and then you have to wait about two weeks to have the order filled."

"In my case," I said as patiently as I could, "I can't even measure up to the first qualification."

"No laws against it, eh?" he said, smiling to himself, and then he was off, putting the jeep like a bronco across the rutted paddock down to the timber fringe along the dry river.

Of course I'd thought of explosives. I'd thought of hiring a bulldozer, too, to excavate down to water, but you couldn't get a jeep, let alone a bulldozer, through that scrub fringing the banks.

Maybe an hour later I heard the first explosion. Then I heard a few more, about ten

in the moonlight, just like the rats came to the Pied Piper, and Craig snap-shot them and dropped them, eight of them, as they milled on the dry moonlit paddock.

Yes, Craig Darcy was a real man.

For every trial and tribulation he had a bushman's trick, and it was getting to seem to me that he had the answer for Elizabeth, too.

When he spoke now about horses she listened with her lips slightly parted and a softness in those blue eyes. Blue eyes can get very soft at times. I knew.

"He acts big, too," she said, just as though she was talking to herself, and I nodded. Then she said in a quiet voice, just as though she was reflecting over some opinions she'd held. "That was a smart move." Then, "Where is he now?"

"Top paddock," I said, and before I could tell her anything more the noise of the jeep came, and soon after we heard Craig's light step on the verandah. She looked at the doorway quickly and I caught the eager look in her eye.

He came in, loose-limbed, and sent his hat skimming across to the sofa. "That'll keep 'em going, Bluey," he said cheerfully, then winked at Elizabeth. The smile almost broke through but not quite, and she seemed more intent on having a good clear look at me.

"Yes," she said, and there was a sort of breathlessness of inquiry in her voice.

Then his voice came in and

although I could not see him as I sat there in the kitchen

I could imagine him plain enough. I could tell you how he was sitting. He'd be squatting there looking at the glowing end of his cigarette, relaxed and confident.

Maybe I was listening to what I shouldn't have, but I couldn't for the life of me move and I heard him say, "Yeah, so I told the old man I was pulling out. I told him I was goin' to see a bit of life and you don't see life stuck on a two-by-four dairy farm at the bottom of the mountains in the back country of Victoria. I was full up to the ears with life in the bush, so I went in for soldiering. I saw plenty then."

"Yes," she said in that same breathless way.

"Ah, you know, plenty. Army stuff."

"Plenty of girls, I suppose?"

"Sure."

I could imagine him grinning as he looked back into the years through his cigarette smoke.

"Sure," he said again. "Some beauties, too. Japan, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur."

"I see," said Elizabeth, and this time I could tell that what she saw she didn't like and Craig saw it, too.

"Yeah, real Army stuff, but that's yesterday." I could almost see the butt of his cigarette flick away as he looked out into the moonlight. "That's all washed up now, Elizabeth. You an' me . . ." Maybe I shouldn't have butted in on that but I had to, and the atmosphere fell apart like charred cardboard.

"Hello," they both said together.

I said hello, too, brightly, but nothing much more was said, and pretty soon the party on the verandah broke up and left me sitting there looking out across my dry paddocks listening to Elizabeth's bay going clippity-clop in a canter towards Butler's big homestead.

I could hear Craig whistling softly to himself as he made up his bed on the back verandah.

Then I heard the bed creak and a match scratch, and I knew he'd be lying there making up sweet dreams the way I used to once.

So that's how the score stood when I sighted the smoke next day rolling big and black across the brow of my hill. The country was as inflammable as aviation spirit. The trees were brittle dry and what grass was left was at flashpoint. Every day for the past month the

To page 34



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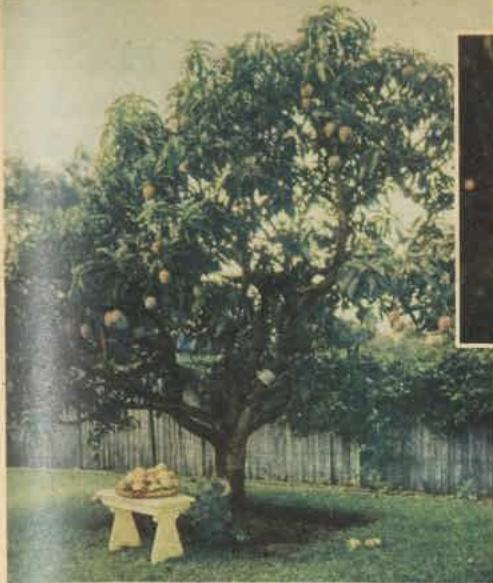
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MANGOES which were grown in sheltered garden positions as far south as Sydney. Two of the best varieties are Kensington Pride and Bowen Apple.

NEW TROPICAL PLANTS

THE four varieties of tropical plants pictured on this page include the tropical apple—which is a recent addition to the Australian scene—the quaint Averrhoa carambola or Five-cornered Fruit, and the familiar mango and coffee trees.

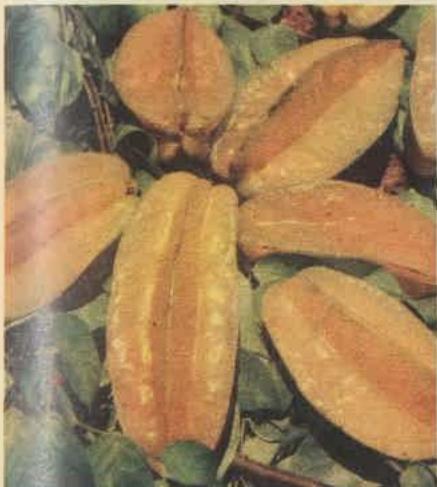
Many varieties of tropical fruits are widely grown in Queensland and northern New South Wales, while in cooler States gardeners sometimes succeed in growing them in warm, sheltered positions.

The mangoes shown here were both

grown in Sydney. The tree is in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cuneo's home at Hunter's Hill, and the fruit is from a tree at the home of Mrs. C. Kernaghan, of Chatswood.

The coffee tree was also grown in Chatswood, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jones.

Gardeners interested in experimenting in cooler climates must remember both mangoes and coffee trees are liable to frost damage and thrive only if planted in a sheltered spot away from wintry winds and frost.



AVERRHOA CARAMBOLA or Five-cornered Fruit is a thirst-quenching ornamental shrub. It has crop of tartly flavored fruit.



COFFEE SHRUB has decorative glossy foliage, produces coffee beans. Does best in hot, moist climate, planted in part-shade.



TROPICAL BEAUTY APPLE has the flavor of Rome Beauty or Delicious. This apple was raised for the first time in the world by Langbecker & Sons, Bundaberg.

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Natural loveliness... in the flowers, in the fresh beauty of elfin Joy Jenkins of Blakehurst, N.S.W. As Joy gathers the blossoms, dancing sunlight and shadows highlight the clear softness of her skin. The secret of such loveliness? Joy depends on mild Rexona Soap for gentle skin care... always.



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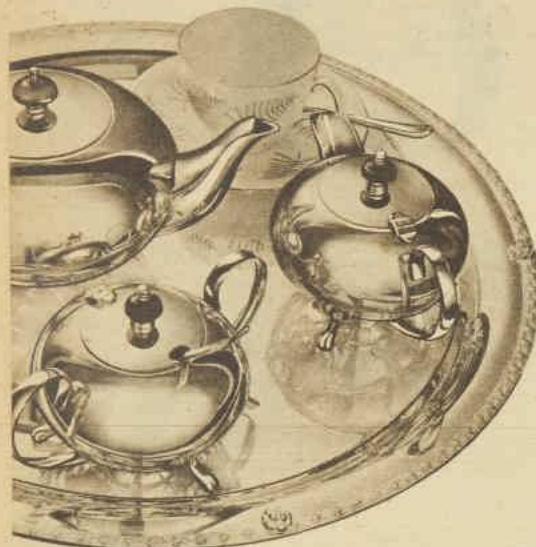
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be proud of your silver

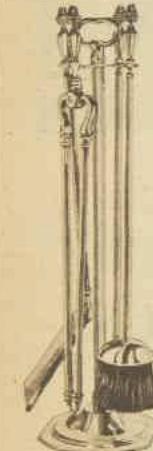
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bushfire danger had been at the maximum and bushfire brigades had been on top alert.

So the smoke wasn't unexpected. I knew what I had to do. Every man on the land hereabouts knows what he has to do when a bushfire starts, so I got on with doing it as best I could.

Craig was riding stock in the top paddock and I had an idea that Elizabeth was with him.

So I was up my own and with no time to waste. I wheeled down to the jeep and pulled myself aboard, then backed up against the tank stand and managed to push the fifty-gallon drum of water kept for this emergency down the slope and on to the back of the jeep. I dragged a four-gallon tin of petrol aboard and set the jeep rolling towards the darkening hilltop. I gunned the jeep so that we went plunging and bucking across the furrows, swinging under the shifting weight of the water, while the petrol-tin twanged and rumbled as it buckled.

I had to get to the fire and it was the only way I could get there. At times the pain was a knife in my knees and ankles, and when a bad one came the burning skyline faded right away.

I went over the first rise of the hilltop and the roar of the flames came over the noise of the jeep. It was the roar of a fire under draught, and so far as I could gauge it the fire front was moving at a good six miles an hour.

Now I was feeling the heat driving at me as I went bumping along the fire front groping for a place to break through so I could join the fighters behind the flames.

BUT the fire was outsmarting me. It moved like an expert on a draughtsboard. I wheeled the jeep sharp to the right, heeling over on the slippery, dry grass and heading for an inlet between the flames, but the fire was too smart for me and it moved, too, and let a couple of long banners go licking across that patch of unburnt grass and closed that hole.

In a tight circle I swung the jeep and it heeled under the weight of the water and lurched as I nosed into a dug-out rabbit burrow. For a short breath there came the pungent sweep of petrol fumes above the fire smell and I guessed the petrol-tin had caved in under the beating.

I braked the jeep hard at the end of the spin. The fire was coming fast now down on my right and it had already raced away down to the left, plunging down the slope towards my homestead.

Perhaps if I had been sensible at that moment I'd have turned and retreated downhill and tried to fight the fire back from my homestead, but when you have everything at stake you're inclined to throw a gamble, so I turned right again, heading down the slope, hoping to find a breakthrough down that arm.

Then I knew I was diving with more than my property. I had thrown my life in on top of the stakes. On the other flank the fire had run down the hill and along the slope, so that my only line of retreat was down to the river and through the thick timber. But no jeep was going to get through that scrub, and no man with useless legs was going to make it fast enough.

I stopped tight-wheeling the jeep and headed back up towards the flames. Again the vapor trail of fumes whipped past my face, and one corner of my racing mind gave a second or so to the thought that this heat would be pressing those fumes tighter until they burst into a shroud of flames. My shroud.

I endeavored to ease my screaming legs so as to be ready to jump should the spilt petrol catch, but as footweight went

Continuing ... TAKE A REAL MAN

from page 31

"Clouds building," he said, squinting up the hill. "Rain, maybe."

Craig smoked a while with his eyes on the clouds. He sniffed. "I can smell it."

I could suddenly smell it, too, but right then I couldn't see the clouds because my eyes had gone all misty. Illness and a lot of worry about one thing and another makes a fella soft.

"Smells good," I managed as we sat there watching the clouds boiling until we could see the fall coming across the black hill, and the steam came like fog across the smouldering paddocks and the spears went down and stirred up the dust in spurts along the road, and then it came on until my house was full of the beat of rain on my iron roof.

Craig rolled another smoke. "Set in, I'd say."

This time I snatched a cue and said, "Yes, that's the end of my stock troubles. We'll get feed and water after this." This was the time to say it, all right.

And Craig came in. He unfolded himself, flicked his almost unsmoked cigarette so it sizzled for a second in one of the brand-new puddles, then he said, "I'll be movin' out tomorrow, Bluey." I looked up at him.

"I should never have come here at all," he said with a shade of contempt in his voice. "Your girl told me that,

"I've got the girl all lined up. I've got the money to buy the bit of a farm I've had me eye on. I reckon the girl's waited long enough, but I just can't raise the guts to put the question to her."

He spat out a piece of tobacco. "A fella calls himself a man," he said with real disgust. "Your Elizabeth was right, Bluey. I'm all talk. But a feller's got to take the fence some time, and I reckon this is the time to get started."

All I could get out was a bewildered "Elizabeth?"

He picked it up placidly. "You've got a good one there, Bluey. She's been urgin' me to get along to Prunella—awful name, isn't it?—and say my piece. I've been dodgin' it. Had an excuse, too."

This was the only time I had seen him worry a cigarette. "I was able to keep back-pedallin' because I could tell myself I owed you a favor. I reckon we're square now, and I've got no real excuse to stay. That's what Elizabeth said after the fire this afternoon. She said I'd better be on me way or Prunella would find herself a real man. I told Elizabeth I had to look after you, and she told me she'd attend to that. I reckon she might, too, Bluey."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1959

Your taste tells you these are
real cherries! fresh from the tree

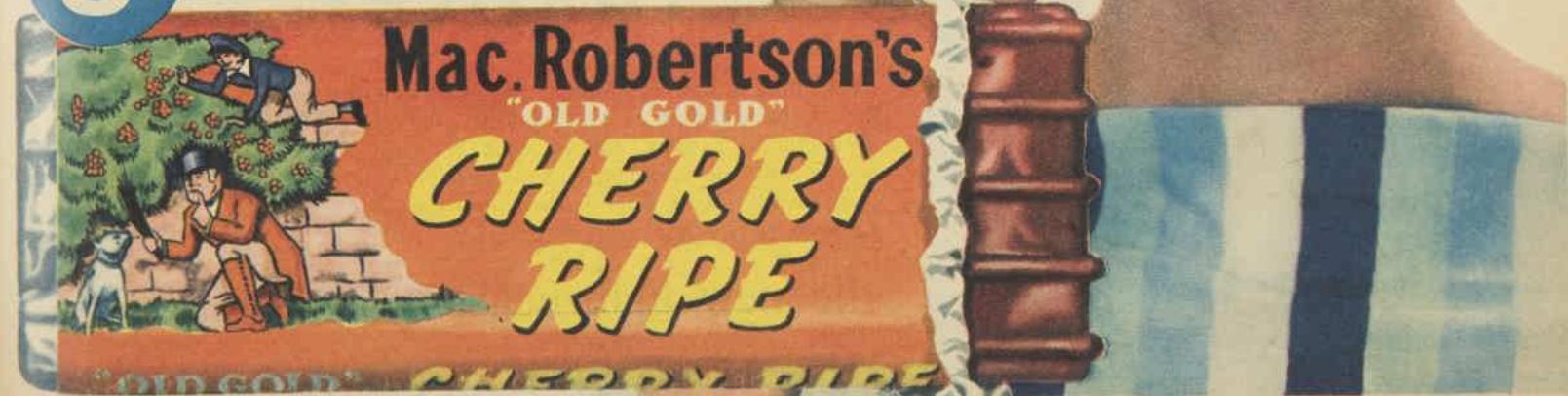


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1959

and rocked it gently to and fro. "Yes, she's coming back—home," as she pleases to call it. To Pine Hill. To take her place as my wife once more and look after her poor little nephew Quentin."

"You've been in touch with her?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes, indeed. She wrote as though everything was fine between us. I went and saw her yesterday. It's high time," she said, "that I came home and kept an eye on him. I've heard he needs it, from several sources. What sources?" I asked her. "Never mind that," she said. "I know he spends all his time at the Hennesseys'. Morning, noon, and night. A boy of twenty and a woman of thirty-three?" "Well, Rowena!" I said. "You picking on him for that?" But she didn't bat an eyelid.

"She never did admit anything."

"She said, 'You can see what Tom's after. Quentin gets control of his own capital in less than a year.' I said, 'That's an awful thing to insinuate about a grand girl like Toni,' and she said, 'However, I shan't dictate the point, I'll be there to put a stop to it,' and she drew herself up in very stately fashion."

Vivian said: "I must say I thought—and I can't help thinking you did, Angus—that her staying away all that time meant she wouldn't come back at all."

"Perhaps I did think it. Hoped it, too, maybe. But now she says she only stayed away because her father was ill, and now he's dead so she's coming home."

Two unfamiliar stresses had suddenly appeared beside his mouth, two more gathered between his eyes. Something new to see on Angus' face, Vivian thought. The most easy-going man in the world. She was surprised to hear how philosophically he was taking Rowena's return. People had said that during the year of her absence he had seemed extraordinarily relieved and contented up at Pine Hill, with his mother living with him again.

"When is she coming?" she asked.

"Some day in the coming week, I gathered."

Vivian nodded slowly. "It's a pity," she said, "you didn't divorce her when you could have."

"What do you mean? How could I? How could I have—then? You know it was too late—afterwards."

She thought that over for a minute. It was true. It couldn't have been done—afterwards.

She said, as he waited: "No, I suppose not. But you wouldn't have had to look far for another co-respondent."

"Rubbish! You didn't believe that stuff about her and Denis in the caravan, did you?"

She didn't answer this.

"More fool you, then," he threw off as though she had.

"I never for a moment put the interpretation on it that you did, Denis, my best friend. Yes, I know. That's good for a laugh any time, isn't it? The wife and the best friend! But I believed what he said. Absolately. You should've, too. You should've known Rowena'd use anyone to protect herself."

Throwing him an odd piece of comfort, Vivian said dryly, and heard the bitter note in her

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 17

own voice: "Never mind, you'll probably have other opportunities to divorce her before long."

"Oh, well," he said, "we'll see."

Sheila Bingham came into the kitchen just then.

Vivian had wondered once or twice why Sheila had chosen to come and stay with her for these few weeks over Christmas and the New Year. She didn't know Sheila well, was no particular friend of hers. Sheila had brought the invitation about by a surprising bit of social sleight of hand. At Sunday luncheon at the Lathams' it had been, the day the final arrangements were being made between herself and Angus. Sheila was all right, they'd get along well enough together for a few weeks, she supposed. But what a gulf there was between Sheila's nineteen years and her own twenty-six!

Sheila stood in the doorway and spoke to her: "Vivian," she said, "I've unpacked your books and put them in the study. Please, Angus, would you take the cases out for me?"

Angus didn't answer. There seemed to be no need for him to say yes. In the look he turned on Sheila everything was given, everything she might possibly ask or he conceive of.

Seeing the glance, Vivian knew the answer to the question she had just asked herself, why Sheila had chosen to come and stay here. The choice was Angus', too. All the odder then, she thought, was his tolerant acceptance of Rowena's return. Unless it was, as she had just suggested to him, that he expected soon to have fresh grounds for a divorce.

Sheila was nineteen, no more. There was nothing young about her except the fewness of her years and the freshness of her looks. Her full round face was tinged with a natural peach-blossom color, her black hair threw off blue tints from its own sheen, her slightly bowed mouth with its snowy little teeth was dewy. There was something Japanese in her appearance, and like the Japanese geisha she had perfected every move, every glance, every smile, and trained them to charm. The Bingham's, mother and daughter, had no money, yet Sheila was always beautifully turned out, went about, and with smart young people.

Angus said, "Sure you two girls wouldn't like to come over to Pine Hill for dinner? Save you cooking, and all that."

Sheila answered this before Vivian could speak. She shook her shining black head and flitted softly in that way she had of giving to her most ordinary remarks a flattering sweetness: "Don't tempt us, Angus, I'm going to cook a chicken." She went out, leading the way up the passage with Angus following behind her.

Hardly had the two left the kitchen when Vivian had another visitor.

A step sounded on the path outside, and, turning, Vivian saw Denis Paget standing looking in at her.

It was only in that first fresh sight of him, of his long, slender, knit figure and dark rather weather-beaten face, that she realised how persistently the thought of him had gone along with her during her year abroad. "Denis would like that . . . Denis would hate this." She had resented it at the time; she resented it more now, seeing him in the doorway looking so unconcerned.

"May I come in?" His voice was as though it had been only last week!

Her tone followed suit, as well as she could make it for the mixture of feelings that bombarded her. "Hello, Denis. Yes, of course, come in."

His glance came to her face and rested there with apparently no shadow of backward thought. "I saw all the activity going on up here," he told her, "cars arriving, a block up a ladder, and I wondered why you were having such a shindig for your moving in. Angus told me you'd taken Burnside for a while. Are you alone?"

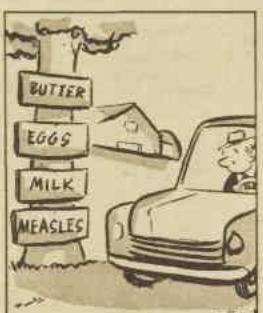
"I am." She leant forward and dusted down the table. The thick lashes swept downwards towards the cheeks that weren't nearly so pale now. "When did you arrive?"

"Late last night. I trundled over the hill to my old parking place just as the clocks were striking midnight."

"Are you on holiday?"

"To some extent. I'm doing a bit of field work this summer. Research into a particularly nasty little wog that's appeared in this district on the citrus."

He pulled up his arms and stretched his tall figure. "I'm free, I'm working to no timetable but my own. I shall sleep a good deal, read, drink a fair bit, and I'm looking forward to a nice traditional Christmas, with Angus inviting me to eat roast turkey and mince pies."



"I see. Then you're back there in the caravan again. Just like last December." A grouping of events flew together in her mind. "You're in good time."

"What for?"

"Rowena. She'll be home in a few days."

"Oh? Is she coming home to Pine Hill?"

The enormous eyes narrowed coldly on him. "Is she coming home! You mean to say that you didn't know that—after what happened between you?"

He put up a protesting hand and flapped it at her. "Vivian! Please! Do you mind if we don't go back over that tired old incident? I got so heartily sick of it, I—"

"Certainly. I don't want to talk of it. Far from it. It's every bit as distasteful to me. But Angus didn't tell you?"

"He did not. I haven't seen him for two or three weeks. He looked me up at the office and we lunched together, but Rowena's name wasn't mentioned."

He turned a plate on the table. "That's a nice-looking cake. Did you make it?"

"No, Toni Hennessey did."

"Very nice. May I have a piece of it?"

She got a knife and hacked a slice of the plum cake.

Standing devouring it, he looked her over, rather as though she had been a model in a shop window. "You look very well," he pronounced. "A little plumper, I think. Even more attractive. And apparently just as idiotic as ever. Yes, Viv, you don't appear to have acquired an atom of sense by gazing on ancient masterpieces."

"Sense being," she flashed at him, "to stand by quite calmly while the man you're just on the point of marrying tumbles about in bed in a locked caravan with another woman!"

"Look, if anyone could tumble about in the bunk of my caravan! Least of all Rowena, who dearly loves her comfort."

Vivian suddenly went across and shook out a tea-towel and hung it up, straightened the canister. "What goes on?" she said, "was that if it hadn't been that you had to admit next day that she was in there with you to try and save her from the worse accusation—"

"Is there a worse accusation?" he mocked.

"I'd never have known anything about it. I'd have just gone on believing—as I did when I tried the door—that the caravan was empty, that you hadn't come home."

"Yes, yes, I know. But shall we change the subject? Really change it, I mean," he begged.

"Talk about anything you like. Don't forget we were extremely good friends well before we ever had the odd notion of getting married. I'm delighted I decided to come here. An inspiration!"

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He pulled up his arms and stretched his tall figure. "I'm free, I'm working to no timetable but my own. I shall sleep a good deal, read, drink a fair bit, and I'm looking forward to a nice traditional Christmas, with Angus inviting me to eat roast turkey and mince pies."

"I am." She leant forward and dusted down the table. The thick lashes swept downwards towards the cheeks that weren't nearly so pale now. "When did you arrive?"

"Late last night. I trundled over the hill to my old parking place just as the clocks were striking midnight."

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"COPHA FRIES FOODS WONDERFULLY CRISP AND LIGHT"

SAYS *Betty King* HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS



BETTY KING RECIPE

VEAL STEAK

Cut veal steak into pieces of the size required for serving. Cover with flour, egg glaze (or milk) and breadcrumbs. Press crumbs on firmly. Place about 3 oz. Copha in frying pan and heat gently till melted. Increase heat and commence frying when Copha is hot. Brown veal quickly on each side, then reduce heat and fry slowly, turning occasionally till cooked (about 15 to 20 minutes, according to thickness). Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot with Spanish Sauce.

SPANISH SAUCE

Melt 1 oz. Copha in saucepan. Add 1 lb. sliced tomatoes, 1 chopped onion and 1 diced bacon rasher. Cover with lid and simmer 5 minutes. Add 1 cup water, cover and simmer further 5 minutes. Thicken with 1 level dessertspoon cornflour blended with 1 tablespoon water; season with salt and cayenne.

Copha-fried foods are light, crisp and tasty — and they're easy to digest, too, because Copha contains only pure vegetable oils. Unlike ordinary frying fats or drippings, snowy Copha has no greasy taste to "heavy-up" your favourite fried foods.

Pure white all-vegetable shortening



You taste real chicken
in this Chicken Noodle Soup
... freshly home cooked
in minutes!



... cooked by you in just 7 minutes till the rich egg noodles are soft as butter and you taste that chicken in every sip — Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.

Betty King Home Economist of World Brands, says: "Soup that's freshly cooked at home is still the best. And now that Continental brand gives you ready-to-cook soups in packets, it's no trouble to serve freshly home-cooked soup much more often — and with much more variety."

Continental soups

BRAND
Chicken Noodle • Cream of Chicken • Chicken Broth • Mushroom • Tomato Vegetable •
Thick Vegetable • Green Pea • Beef Vegetable



Exotic china pieces like this 50-years-old tureen are unfortunately rare, but Chicken Noodle Soup with real old-fashioned goodness can be freshly cooked at a few minutes notice — with the help of a Continental brand packet.

Continuing . . .

THE FLAME OF MURDER

"What's up, Tom? What's wrong with you today?"

"Oh, I'm all right. Don't ask me."

"No, you're not. You can't feel me."

"Well, you know . . . it's just the usual. Money. Bills, bills, bills! Loud alarm bills!"

"How rotten—your having to put up with all that! Tell them to wait!"

"I do, but I can't help worrying."

"Why you?"

A rueful look. "I don't know. But it all seems to fall on me. Carl shrugs it off. He says, 'Why worry? Let the creditors do the worrying, that's their job!' I wish I could be like that, Quent."

QUENTIN squatted down in front of her. The tip of one finger stroked the back of her brown wrist that hung across her knee.

She said in a minute: "Sometimes I think I'd do better if I left Carl for a year or so and went off and earned some money."

"What?"

"Money, darling — cash — make it — earn some."

"How? Where?" He sat back, his eyes staring in dismay.

"Oh, I'm much more accomplished than you know. I can type, bookkeep!"

"Tom, don't say that! Don't think of such a thing." His voice was panicky. "Listen. Send them off for a while longer. I've told you before. You know that I'll soon be able to help you. In less than a year I'll have my own money to do what I like with. And no one'll be able to stop me."

She shot him a soft glance. "Now, Quentin—"

"Now, Tom—"

And so once more. His father's money. Not a gift. No. Certainly not, if she didn't want it that way. A loan—an overdraft — a guarantee. A little stabilising capital, the phrase he'd picked up from Carl. She must know that everything he was going to get was all for her.

And Carl? His accommodating rake had taken him farther and farther away, until the corner of the house hid them from his view. There, he leant the rake up against the wall, took out cigarettes and lighted one. He blew the smoke contentedly, in fat rings. Money worries truly didn't seem to rest too heavily on his shoulders. Or perhaps he, too, had begun to see that an end to them wasn't far off, barely a year away.

It would have been well nigh impossible to miss either a friend or an enemy in the village of Latham West. It consisted of one street, with a post office, a garage, a grocery store which also sold meat and vegetables, a newspaper shop, a baker's, and Mr. Tyson's place, half shop, half dwelling, in whose window you would see him sitting every day, at whatever time you might happen to pass, with a watchmaker's glass screwed into his eye, mending a watch or putting a pin on a brooch or a rivet into somebody's Toby jug.

Mr. Tyson, the watchmaker, had no wife, no family. He was a tall, stringy old man who looked, sitting there behind the glass, devoid of human juices, but when he came forward to the counter and spoke to you, a very human fire burned in his eye.

On this afternoon, towards the end of the three-day heat-wave, the street was unusually uneventful; not a person or a

from page 37

vehicle was in sight until Mrs. Latham's car shot into view at the end of the highway.

Angus' mother was even more active in the district than he. Tirelessly, she ran round in her car, beating up money for charities, planning fêtes, sitting on committees.

She was alone this afternoon, driving her car with the speedy abandon of a woman who has had all the freedom in life necessary to develop and expand. The committee meeting just left had gone her way, and her face bore the expression of one who has boldly met and overcome opposition.

A brown silk dress flattered about her thin figure, its shapeless sleeves giving a liberal display of her freckled arms. At sixty, good dressing is an expression of either insecurity or foolish vanity, and Mrs. Latham suffered from neither. She was quite capable, on getting up in the morning, of throwing on last night's chiffon blouse with a tweed skirt, and setting out to put some local matter right. This year she had been as a queen restored to her realm after ten years of exile, the ten years of Angus' marriage to Rowena.

In a spurt of dust her car came to a stop in front of Tyson's shop. "Good afternoon, Mr. Tyson." She was in the shop, her clear voice ringing through its muddled interior. "I just looked in to see if you'd done that clock from Burnside yet. Miss Wyatt is moving in today."

"Yes, I've done it. It only needed cleaning." He got up as though roused from a trance, and came forward, kneading his eyes with his palms. "I'll keep it a day or two to regulate it."

"Oh, good, thank you." She dabbed at her face with her handkerchief and said how intolerably hot it was.

Mr. Tyson agreed that, yes, it was, though his face had a stony look, as though it must surely be cold to the touch. But she told him she had heard a change was on the way, a south change this evening, and he nodded that indeed they could do with it.

MR. LATHAM turned to go, but suddenly his voice halted her. "Is it true what I hear, Mrs. Latham?"

"What's that?"

"That's your son's wife is coming home."

She jerked round and her head went back. Her eyes flitted over the shelves where a jumble of clocks and watches and bits of china lay awaiting their owners: had been waiting, some of them, for thirty years.

Mr. Tyson said: "I see it is true. Well, well . . . she's coming home." He nodded slowly, bony hands flat on the counter. "I must say, we never thought we'd see her here again, did we? You didn't, and I'm sure I didn't."

She picked up and examined a Dresden figure, holding it close to her near-sighted eyes. "Now, Mr. Tyson," she said, "don't you think it'd be better — since this has to be — that we should all try to make some sort of adjustment?"

"Adjustment?" His voice rasped like one of his own steel files. "Adjustment . . . well, perhaps that's not so difficult for me. I've had the whole year to 'adjust' and accept, and there's nothing further I can do about it. But I did think your son would have made some



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To page 47

SWEET AS HONEY . . .

• Some of the finest honey in the world is produced in Australia — these recipes give some suggestions for using it in sweet and savory dishes.

The health-giving properties of honey have been extolled by food specialists everywhere. It is a natural sugar, easily assimilated by the body.

By

LEILA C. HOWARD

Our Food and
Cookery
Expert

DOCTORS, dietitians, and food specialists of all nationalities have for many years been aware of and emphasised the health-giving qualities of one of nature's own foods — honey.

Honey contains many minerals which are essential for a healthy blood supply; and it actually assists in food digestion, which makes it an excellent food for babies, elderly people, and those who suffer from stomach disorders.

Bacteria cannot live in honey; and honey does not harm the teeth. Honey also provides a quickly assimilated source of energy which makes it an ideal food for athletes or others wishing to recuperate quickly from severe exertion or fatigue.

Rheumatism sufferers may safely take quantities of honey as it dissolves uric acid produced by other foods.

Spoon measurements in these recipes are level and a standard 8-liquid-ounce glass cup is used.

LEMON TART WITH HONEY CRUNCH CRUST

Crunch Crust: Two cups crushed biscuit crumbs, 1-3rd cup melted butter, 1 to 2 tablespoons honey (depending on sweetness of biscuits).

Place biscuit crumbs in basin, add honey and butter, which have been heated slightly together; mix thoroughly. Press crumb mixture evenly over base and sides of 8in. or 9in. tart-plate, chill in refrigerator until firm. Prepare filling.

Lemon Filling:
Two eggs, 1 tablespoon honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, grated rind 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chilled evaporated milk, whipped cream to decorate.

Beat egg-yolks and honey together. Heat milk, add to egg-yolks, stirring all the time. Place in top half of double saucepan and stir over heat until mixture coats back of spoon. Remove from heat, add lemon rind and juice; allow to cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and whipped evaporated milk. Fill into prepared tart crust; chill until set. Before serving, decorate top with swirls of whipped sweetened cream.

HONEY ROLL

Three eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 tablespoon water, 2 tablespoons honey, 1oz butter or substitute, little castor sugar.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, and continue beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture stands in peaks. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beat until mixed. Sift flour, cornflour, salt, baking-powder, cinnamon, and ginger together three times; then fold into egg mixture. Heat water, honey, and butter together, lastly fold into mixture. Pour into a well-greased and floured slab-tin, bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn out on to a sheet of grease-proof paper which has been sprinkled with castor sugar. Trim edges, roll up as for Swiss roll. When cold, unroll, fill with the following cream.

COOL melted chocolate trickled over the swirls of cream adds an extra touch of decoration to this lemon tart with honey-crunch crust.



savory, too

HONEY CREAM: Two tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons water, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Place honey and water in saucepan, stir over heat until well mixed. Cream butter until light and fluffy, gradually add cooled honey syrup. Continue beating until mixture becomes thick enough to spread.

STUFFED VEAL PAUPIETTES

Four or 5 fillets of veal (cut thinly), 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon good shortening or fat, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup honey, 1 teaspoon butter, 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock, 3 potatoes.

Combine breadcrumbs, celery, and lemon juice in basin, season with salt and pepper. Place a heaped spoonful of the stuffing in centre of each piece of veal. Roll up, secure with coarse thread. Mix flour and cheese together, rub into surface of veal rolls. Heat shortening in pan, add rolls, and brown on all sides, place in casserole. Mix parsley with remaining flour-cheese mixture, sprinkle over contents in dish. Melt butter in warmed honey, pour over meat, then add stock and sliced onion. Arrange thinly sliced potatoes around dish, cover, and bake in moderate oven ½ hour. Uncover and cook further 15 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

RHUBARB MERINGUE TART

One 8in. or 9in. cooked and cooled shortcrust or biscuit pastry case, 3 cups diced fresh rhubarb, 1 cup stewed apple pieces, 2 tablespoons water, 1 to 2 tablespoons honey, squeeze lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot blended with a little extra water, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup sugar for meringue.

Place water and honey in saucepan, stir over low heat until mixed. Add rhubarb and lemon juice, cover with a tightly fitting lid, and simmer 8 to 10 minutes or until soft but not broken; strain liquid. Add blended arrowroot to liquid in saucepan, stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in cooked rhubarb and apple. Fill into pastry-case. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add the ½ cup sugar, and continue beating until meringue stands in peaks. Pile around edge of fruit filling; return to slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve in wedges with whipped cream or boiled-egg custard.

Note: If rhubarb is not a good red color, a few drops of red food coloring may be added while it is cooking.

HONEY-FROSTED DATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, grated rind ½ orange, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Date Filling: Four ounces chopped dates, ½ cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon honey.

Prepare date filling first. Place dates and lemon rind in basin, cover with boiling water, allow to stand ½ hour. Add honey, beaten until pulpy. Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar until soft and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill half the mixture into greased 8in. ring-tin. Spread with prepared and cooled date mixture, top with remaining cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. When cold, cover with honey frosting.

Honey Walnut Frosting: One cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, 3 tablespoons honey, 3 tablespoons water, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, few drops yellow coloring, 1-3rd cup chopped walnuts.

Place sugar, egg-whites, honey, water, and salt in top half of double saucepan. Beat over boiling water 14 minutes, until mixture stands in peaks. Add vanilla and yellow coloring, beat well. Remove from heat. Fold in walnuts. Pile roughly over top and sides of cake. Chill until firm before cutting.

HONEYED FRUIT PUNCH

Three ounces sugar, ½ cup water, ¼ cup honey, 1 pint strained, freshly made tea, 3 cloves, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped preserved ginger, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, lemon slices, and mint sprigs to garnish.

Place sugar, water, and honey into large saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Continue cooking until syrup boils, simmer 3 minutes. Add strained tea, cloves, and ginger; allow to cool. When cold, strain, add orange and lemon juices; mix well. Chill. Serve in tall glasses. Garnish with a lemon slice and a sprig of mint.

SPICED TOMATO SAUCE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic, 1 onion, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 cup water, 1½ cups tomato puree, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 2 tablespoons honey, 1½ teaspoons horseradish, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Heat shortening in pan, add chopped onion and garlic, stir until soft and lightly browned. Add all remaining ingredients, simmer 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain.



HONEY-FLAVORED dishes above include stuffed veal paupiettes, honey-frosted date cake, honeyed fruit punch, and rhubarb meringue tart. See these and other recipes on page at left.



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Prize for dinner dish

● Herbs are used to piquant effect in the meat dish recipe which wins the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest.

OTHER types of inexpensive meats could be substituted for the meat given in the recipe.

Date Surprises wins a consolation prize of £1.

Spoon measurements are level.

MONACO MARINADE

Two pounds topside steak, 2 sliced carrots, 3 sliced onions, 2oz. fat bacon, 2 cloves crushed garlic, 1 bay leaf, 1 sprig rosemary, 3 sprigs parsley, 2 whole cloves, 1 piece orange rind, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1½ cups claret, 8 black olives, 1 tablespoon red currant jelly, salt and pepper.

Cut meat into approximately 2in. squares, place in bowl and add 1 sliced onion, garlic, bay leaf, rosemary, parsley, cloves, orange rind; pour over vinegar and claret. Allow to stand overnight. Chop bacon and brown lightly with remaining onions in pan. Remove meat from marinade, brown also. Add carrot, season with salt and pepper; pour over the strained marinade liquid. Cover with a closely fitting lid and simmer 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Remove stones from olives, add to meat mixture, lastly add red currant jelly; stir until well mixed. Serve.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Clay, c/o 138 Bransgrove Rd., Panania, N.S.W.

DATE SURPRISES

Date Mixture: Half pound dates, 2½ oz. ground almonds, 1



APPETISING and substantial with an interesting tangy flavor is Monaco Marinade, illustrated above, which could be a main dinner course.

FAMILY DISH

PINEAPPLE Macaroon Custard, this week's family dish, is a simple-to-make delicious dish which serves 5 or 6 people, and costs approximately 5/6.

PINEAPPLE MACAROON CUSTARD

Three-quarters pint milk, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons coconut, 1 cup diced or crushed tinned pineapple drained from syrup, 3oz. extra sugar, and 2 tablespoons extra coconut for meringue.

Heat milk slightly, pour on to breadcrumbs. Add beaten egg-yolks (reserve whites for meringue), sugar, vanilla, and coconut. Pour into greased ovenware dish, place in a larger dish of water, bake in a moderate oven until custard is set. Allow to become quite cold. Cover top with pineapple. If tinned pineapple pieces are used, chop into smaller pieces. Make meringue with egg-whites, extra sugar, and extra coconut. Flavor with vanilla, spread over pineapple, taking meringue right to edge of dish. Bake in very slow oven until meringue is set.

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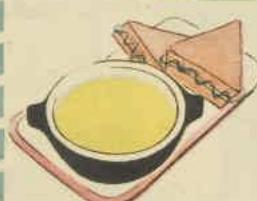
MAGGI SWISS STYLE SOUPS

Warm up with exciting, new Maggi Mushroom Soup. Generous snippets of tender mushroom in a smooth-and-creamy, delicately seasoned soup... every sip full of soothing satisfaction. Maggi Mushroom Soup puts you in just the mood to relish the rest of dinner. Truly a sit-back-and-relax soup!



SOUP and CRACKERS

Steaming Maggi Pea Soup with Ham and crisp crunchy crackers are just made for each other. Try serving big bowls of hearty Pea Soup with Ham with an assortment of crackers, cold cheese and celery.



SOUP and SANDWICHES

Hot soup and sandwiches for a quick and easy meal. Golden Chicken Noodle Soup and a big sandwich with your favourite filling. Mmm! Soup makes every bite taste better.



SOUP and TOAST FINGERS

For supper enjoy a brimming bowl of Maggi Creme of Chicken and hot tasty toast fingers oozing butter. Try a slice of cheese too, just for that extra tang.

**9 SOUPS
TO CHOOSE FROM**

Green Pea & Vegetable Soup • Oxtail •
Pea Soup with Ham • Minestrone Thick Vegetable Soup •
Mushroom • Chicken Noodle • Creme of Chicken •
Vegetable with Tomato & Noodles • Tomato.

protest against her coming back."

"Please, Mr. Tyson! Please!" she commanded. "One can't go on for ever bearing these grudges. We must some time begin to forget and forgive."

"Indeed? Mr. Latham must be a very accommodating husband if he can take this forgiving attitude. I find it hard to believe he will. And you, Mrs. Latham. Very accommodating also, if you can welcome her home and abdicate once more."

She plumped down the china figure. "I prefer not to discuss it."

"Well," he said with a laugh that was no laugh at all, "you'll be the only person in Latham West who won't be discussing her return! And her departure, all over again."

"I don't doubt it. Luckily we don't have to listen to all the vulgar gossip that goes on around us. And frankly, Mr. Tyson — though it gives me a good deal of pain to say it — I think you're doing small service to anyone by helping to keep that story alive."

Their eyes met and clashed.

"Especially," she said, with her first note of weakness, "especially as it was never actually proved."

"Proved enough for me, thank you. Proved enough for me." He turned back to his bench. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Latham. You may tell Miss Wyatt I'll return the clock in a day or so."

She hurried out, wrenched open the door of the car and got in.

And yet, as she shot up the hill with a hand on the wheel and her foot on the accelerator, she didn't look like a woman who anticipated defeat in any field, least of all the home field to which she was speeding.

Round about seven o'clock that evening Colonel Fewster, bottle in hand, appeared at the door of his kitchen and spoke to his housekeeper: "How about a snifter?"

Mrs. Siskin took a look in the oven where a casserole was simmering and straightened up, touching her hair. She followed him out on to the side verandah.

There, behind the screen of pink tecoma, he poured two whiskies, put the bottle on the table, and lowered himself into the ancient saddlebag chair which received his six-foot-two-inch, fourteen-stone bulk with the embrace of long friendship.

Mrs. Siskin, not yet entirely freed from preoccupation with the oven, sat herself less spacious on a chair by the table. She sat erect, above the waist — lush curves, below it — unfriendly coquetry. She had a high color and bright brown eyes. With the waning of each month the auburn of her hair waned, too, due for another visit to her sister's hair-dressing salon in the township five miles away.

Taking a sip of her drink, she glanced over to where the roof of Burnside was visible through the trees. "Well, she's installed now and you've missed it again," she said.

"Missed it?"

She swivelled the full eyes round on to him. "You know what I mean. Perfectly well."

He took a long pull at his drink and savored it on his tongue. "I wouldn't have the place as a gift now," he announced. "No thanks."

"Wouldn't you? Wish you had to cook in my kitchen."

When Burnside had first become vacant just over a year ago, Colonel Fewster had petitioned Angus strongly for a lease of it, but Rowena had brushed aside his plea and persuaded Angus to let it to friends of her own.

"Wouldn't have it at a gift," the colonel repeated.

"You were ready to scratch her eyes out about it before," she reminded him. "You were that keen. Going on about the roof and the sheds here. Nothing would do but move into Burnside."

"Ah, yes. Maybe. A lot of water's flowed under the bridge since then. The price of everything's doubled and the purchasing power of my bit of money's just about halved."

"Oh . . . don't tell me."

"I could've had it this time, if I'd wanted it, before Angus let it to Vivian Wyatt."

"I wonder. The Lathams've got their pets and it isn't you."

"Don't talk such rubbish. I didn't even mention it to him."

MR. SISKIN shook the drink round in her glass, looking down at it pensively. "Isn't that I care for myself so much, but when I think of a man of your standing . . . You should have something better than this rat-run."

"Don't you worry about me, lass. We're comfortable enough here. Rent's low . . . plenty of room. Drink up."

She obeyed. He reached out and refilled their glasses. The atmosphere between them began to mellow. The heat of the day was behind them. Roosting hens clucked amably.

It was the hour at which Colonel Fewster's relationship with Mrs. Siskin completed its cycle: from officer-to-batman rasp in the morning, through master-to-housekeeper correctness during the day, to egalitarian give and take with their first shared drink. Dinner could be at any time between seven and ten, according to whether the bottle brought forth asperity or amorousness.

Tonight it produced the former state, developing through a not very provocative remark of Mrs. Siskin's before their third whisky, before the edges of their speech were blurred, before she had once leaned over and patted his knee, before the oven could be turned off . . .

She said: "My word, I'm surprised Rowena Latham'd dare to show her nose in this place again. I must say I am. I thought she was gone for good when she took herself off last year."

"Did you?" The downward note in the colonel's voice should have warned her.

But she looked across at him sharply. "Yes, I did. She must have a hide like I don't know what to come back here after what happened."

He put down his glass, uncrossed his legs, and sat up. "Now look here," he said crisply, "this'd better end before it's begun. Drop it. Drop the subject. She's coming back, and it's no good raking over old scandals."

"Well, I merely—"

"Yes, I know, I know, but don't. Understand. Angus Latham and I have lived in this place, been friends for goodness knows how long, and I don't want him to hear that any scandal and backbiting comes out of my house."

"You defending her!" Mrs. Siskin said angrily.

"Defending her. Not at all. One would be hard put to it to defend a woman like Rowena. But I shall call on her when she arrives, and no doubt will be dining at Pine Hill."

"Yes, no doubt!" A world of suppressed feeling lay beneath the three short words.

Dinner at Pine Hill for the colonel. A cocktail party. Bridge. Many a small do. For the colonel . . .

She rose from her chair, took up her glass, and emptied an ashtray over the rail. "Time to eat," she said frostily. "It'll be on the table in five minutes."

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 39

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Isn't it there?"

"No, it isn't, and it's raining so heavily that I thought—"

"Yes, it's a real buster, isn't it? How are you two girls getting on?"

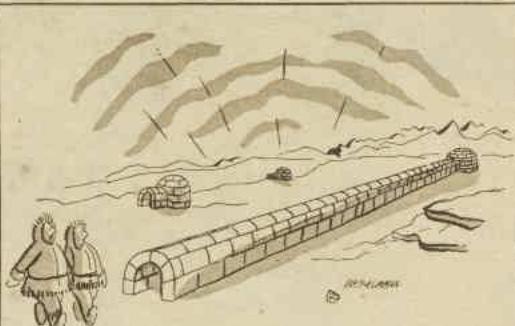
The south wind was battling its way over the hot countryside. The first sharp shower had already begun to splash in. The curtains flew out into the room, shook and rattled. Vivian ran round the house shutting doors and windows.

She came back to the dining-room and pressed her face close to the pane. Only darkness and arrows of driving rain. "I should've gone right up," she said. "I noticed today the attic window's open."

Vivian put down the receiver.

Never till that moment had she realised the obstinacy of her own nature; the obstinacy that had refused to accept Denis' explanation last year, that had taken her away to Europe; the obstinacy that now wouldn't allow her to be stopped from doing something because of the difficulty involved.

In the hall she snatched up the raincoat that she had unpacked this morning in the heat, the brassy, burning heat when it had seemed that a shower of rain could never come again. She opened the front



"He's quite an introvert."

in the semi-darkness her hand felt for the key. There wasn't one.

She could hear the wind in there, and up here, so close to the roof, the beat of the rain was louder. She ran down again.

"Sheila, where's the key of the attic? Have you any idea?"

"Not the remotest. The key of the attic? Leave it. What's it matter? Why are you so worked up over it?"

"I'm not worked up. But there's a beautiful old Chinese lacquer box of Rowena's right under the window. I noticed it the other day. It's a pity to leave it with the rain pouring in on it."

Yes, she had noticed that box about a fortnight ago, when she and Angus had come to look over the house together. They had stood at the door of the attic and he had said:

"There's some stuff of Rowena's in here. When she made her stormy exit last year she left these oddments with her friends the Cottars. You won't mind, will you? Or if you do I'll have them carted away."

Sheila was maddening with her indifference to every interest but her own. Vivian thought, how can anyone love this girl just for her peach-bloom skin and blue-black hair?

She went to the telephone and rang Pine Hill.

Angus himself answered at once. "Yes?"

"Angus, have you got the key of the attic?"

"What's that? Is that you, Vivian?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"I said do you know where the attic key is?"

discovered if the object was, as it surely must be, robbery? A cat-burglar? The acrobatic feat that was beyond her wouldn't be beyond one of them, to swarm up the wall somehow from the ladder top.

What could they possibly want to take from there, though? Most of the stuff was antiquated rubbish. Except perhaps the things left by Rowena. Who knew what she had stored in the lacquer box?

Irresolutely for a few minutes Vivian hung about on the landing. Would she call Sheila? No. Sheila would probably throw a fit of hysterics and go running out of the house.

And what was she going to do herself? Go down and ring up Angus again and hear that lazy voice: "I wouldn't worry, Viv, if I were you," etc., etc.

But she did worry. Or rather, it wasn't now so much worry for Rowena's possessions as downright unadulterated curiosity. And that obstinacy again! And suddenly a wish to see if the old burglar trick that she had read of would work in this case.

She went down, and came back with a newspaper and a knitting needle. There was a sizeable gap between the floor and the bottom of the door. She spread the paper and slid it under, and with the knitting needle gently pushed the key forward, and had the satisfaction of hearing it fall plop on the paper on the other side. Cautiously she pulled the paper back, picked up the key, and unlocked and opened the door and stepped inside.

A blast of wind from the sudden draught, and the door crashed shut behind her. In the darkness she ran forward to shut out the elements that were pouring in, the wind and the rain. Half-way across she tripped and fell.

Shaken, she sat up. The thing in her way was soft but resistant . . . heavy. She put out a hand and groped . . . felt fabric . . . something silky to her touch. Hair! . . . Then something else took shape under her fingers . . . something colder than the cold wet wind . . . an open mouth, eyes, a face.

With a violent recoil of every inch of her flesh, she crouched away, back, back from the horror. The screams wouldn't come. She felt them rising in her throat, but only a sort of idiotic wheeze came out, strangled by the leaping of her heart. She sprang up and stumbled away, groped for the door, the light, found a dangling cord, jerked it, looked back over her shoulder.

THIS big, airy attic had served many purposes in the past. It had been a maid's room, a nursery, a studio for a brief period when one of the Miss Lathams went "artistic," a lumber room. But on this gale-lashed night, this fine, airy attic was being put to a use entirely novel in its ninety-odd years of existence. Dusty cases and odd junk still took up the greater part of its floor space. There was an old chair with a broken leg, an old clothes-horse, old picture-frames framing nothing . . . dusty old, old ugliness.

The night after Vivian's discovery in the attic had been like a bad fever dream, beginning with Sheila's shrill outcry when first confronted with the fact; then Angus' face when he walked in, and his mother's grey pallor and agitated hands; then the doctor, the local police constable, and later the C.I.B. men taking over the house with their cool authority.

Again and again, Vivian found herself having to repeat her story of the locked door, the open window, her stumbling over Rowena's body. Each time she told it, Rowena's death

She herself had often said that she played quite a useful part in providing numbers of dressmakers, milliners, hairdressers, and the fashion world generally with a means of livelihood. So Rowena, dead, need still have found no fault with the usefulness of her role: helping an army of police experts, C.I.B. officers, fingerprint men, photographers, to earn an excellent living, as they clustered round her body in the attic, making up the record of what, or so they hoped, would finally lead them to the one who had brought her to this.

Even in death it was apparent that she had been a highly finished product of society, expensively dressed, perfectly groomed, shining and beautiful of hair, and carrying about her all the details of adornment that had cost her husband many a grumbled-over cheque. The bracelets on her wrists were gold, of heavy modern workmanship. Her small seven-stone figure was dressed in a frock with a Dior label, and her shoes had come from the hands of craftsmen in Italy. Her bag and its fittings and its contents spoke luxury.

All was lit by the early morning sun slanting in through the northern window. Last night's storm had soon worn itself out, and the day had broken castened and gold and no more than moistly warm.

Detective-Sergeant Manning turned from his review of the countryside and made another brief inspection of the collection of ancient pieces housed in the attic. Then he came back to where Detective Inspector Grogan was leaning over the body. He said: "Plenty o' good cosmetics robs death of half its sting, all right."

Grogan nodded. "They do, too." The smooth brilliant lipstick, the mascara, the rosy flush on the cheeks might have been a fine example of a Hollywood mortician's art.

Except for one thing. The inspector was taking note of it. "Wonder why one cheek's got such a lot of powder on it and the other hardly any?" he said.

"Blue paint on the hem of her skirt," Manning observed. "That's the color of the front door down there."

The blow that had fractured the thin skull was almost hidden in the glossy thickness of chestnut hair near the left temple. The doctor who had examined her last night had said that her death had taken place within the previous twelve hours, possibly ten, it could have been eight. The heat in the attic during the day, and then the tremendous drop in temperature after the south change, made any exactitude difficult.

By now, the police had Burnside, temporarily, to themselves. Earlier, Angus had insisted on Vivian and Sheila going over to Pine Hill for breakfast.

Vivian hadn't wanted to go but had given in. "All right," she had said: "You take Sheila. I'll follow in a little while."

She had stayed behind to do one or two things, her orderly mind needing to set the kitchen to rights after Sheila's exploits last evening with the chicken.

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mcWILLIAM'S *Cream* SHERRY

The golden glow in McWilliam's Cream Sherry is Nature's own sign of mellow perfection. The very essence of life-giving sun and fertile soil is found in the smooth creamy body of this specially selected sweet sherry.

McWilliam's Cream Sherry is so versatile you can serve it any time. For your own enjoyment, and for when friends drop in, always keep McWilliam's Cream Sherry in your home.

SHERRY ON THE ROCKS

Simply place 2 ice cubes in a glass and pour over 2 or 3 ozs. McWilliam's Cream Sherry.

Serve McWilliam's Cream Sherry chilled, more and more people are liking it that way.

Look out, Sandra Dee



TUESDAY WELD (a double for Sandra?) has already been seen as the baby-sitter in "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Danny Kaye, whose daughter she plays in "The Five Pennies," says, "You can't measure Tuesday's age by the yardstick of other girls. I'd say she is 15—going on 30!"



CAROL LYNLEY, now under contract to Fox, has already made two films—"The Light in the Forest," with James MacArthur (for Walt Disney), and "Holiday For Lovers," with Gary Crosby and Clifton Webb (for Fox). She will soon finish work on the film of "Blue Denim."

Breathing hotly down the neck of Hollywood's teenage dream-girl Sandra Dee (right) are two other blondes with starry futures—Tuesday Weld, 15 (at left) and Carol Lynley, 17 (below). Like Sandra, they started as models, later acting on TV and Broadway.

Film Parade



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1. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish. However, each entry must be on the official entry form, which is obtainable at all chemists, or on the form included in this advertisement.
2. The closing date of the competition is 2nd June, 1959, and no entries received after that date or entries which are illegible will be considered. No entries will be returned.
3. Employees (and their families) of Bristol-Myers and their Advertising Agents are not eligible.
4. The results will be announced in the Ipana advertisements appearing in the Women's Weekly and Woman's Day in the issues published during the week ending 18/7/59.
5. The Judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. All entries become the property of Bristol-Myers and may be used for advertising purposes.
7. In the event of two or more entrants listing the points in correct order, the one which in the opinion of the Judge shall be the best short sentence will be declared the winner.

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Fill in this coupon and send the entry form, together with the end flaps of an Ipana toothpaste pack, to: IPANA COMPETITION, Box 465, P.O., North Sydney, N.S.W., to arrive no later than 2nd June, 1959.

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BM9/27/59

Hamlet on TV

● "Hamlet," the first Shakespearian play to be presented live on Australian TV, will be telecast by A.B.C.-TV on June 17 and telerecorded simultaneously for later presentation in all States.

ALREADY in rehearsal, the play is being produced by Royston Morley, who in 1937 produced for the B.B.C. "Romeo and Juliet," the first of Shakespeare's plays ever telecast.

"Romeo and Juliet" was a sensation in 1937. But Mr. Morley, busy with his 1959 version of "Hamlet," is not pining for those good old days.

"It was a success then," he told me, "but if we saw it now we would say, 'How terrible.'"

In 1937 the B.B.C.-TV transmitted only a two-hour-a-day television programme, an hour during the afternoon, another hour at night.

"Romeo and Juliet" was adapted into scenes and presented in the evening hour.

plan so firmly; no one knew what would happen next. One just tried. We had very little time, very little money."

Time and money are on Mr. Morley's mind now. His budget for the two-hour production is £2500.

The £2500 pays actors' fees, costumes, decor, furniture,



ROYSTON MORLEY

At the rehearsals more than the actual play is rehearsed. Camera scripts are worked out, experimented with, and decided upon.

But at present problems of lighting, costumes, and decor are concerning Mr. Morley and A.B.C.-TV's senior engineer, John Hicks, who will supervise the technical side.

Mr. Hicks even has a say on costume materials, and with Mr. Morley is busy examining swatches of materials.

The TV audience will see nothing of the gorgeous color and brilliance of the costume, but they will see its effect, for it gives much better contrast and interest to the black-and-white image on their screen.

"Color gives a much better, more varied black-and-white picture," Mr. Morley said. "We will use many quite dark, rich colors that have a sheen and reflect some of the light. Taffetas photograph well, particularly patterned ones."

Some of the costumes for "Hamlet" will be hired. Those that are specially made for the occasion will be carefully stored in the ever-growing wardrobe department at the A.B.C.-TV studios and used over and over again, for they don't date.

In the 1937 "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Morley's star, Jean Forbes-Robertson, wore the Juliet costume (see picture) that her mother wore when she played Juliet in 1895.

Talking to Mr. Morley gave me a frightening picture of the magnitude of the task of producing a smooth-running live production under the eye of the TV camera.

I asked him whether he wouldn't rather put the whole thing on film.

I did this rather hesitantly, as many producers and actors are horrified at the idea. They tell me, indeed, that it is a vile suggestion, and carry on at length about a certain spontaneity and warmth which they say are achieved only in a live production.

Mr. Morley surprised me by saying he would like to put "Hamlet" on film very much.

"But it costs so very much more," he said.

"I don't subscribe to the opinion that you lose spontaneity on film."

"You want live TV for big national events, big sporting events, when you never know what may happen or is coming next."

Personally, I can take a bit of Shakespeare now and again on TV. One piece I would dearly like to see is Mr. Morley's present ambition—"King Lear" with Peter Ustinov.

Morley has known Ustinov for years; in fact, since Ustinov was 17. He told me he and Ustinov had often talked of a production of "King Lear" with Ustinov as Lear. He's hoping to persuade him to do the play live when he visits Australia later this year to star in the film "The Sundowners," with Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum.



FIRST telecast of Shakespeare, in 1937, when Royston Morley produced "Romeo and Juliet," starred Jean Forbes-Robertson as Juliet and John Wyse as Friar Lawrence.



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With Surf, you actually *see* the dirt falling out of clothes. Dirt streams out ! *All* the dirt ! Darkening the water !

And Surf holds dirt clear of clothes. *Keeps* it dissolved — so it can't re-enter the fabric.

And there's never any soap scum to dull the brightness of your wash. Only *one* rinse needed, too !

Surf is *not* a soap powder. Surf is a modern, white powder detergent. And no other washday product known can wash your clothes so clean so white, with colours vividly bright. Remember — Surf is a pure white powder, so it's wonderful for dish-washing, too !

Buy 2 packets today — one for the kitchen, one for the laundry

SF 68 WWW FP:

Page 51

Which laxative is made specially for children?



Laxettes . . .
safe, sure
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For years, chocolate Laxettes have been the best-selling children's laxative—because they're made specially for children. Laxettes are simply squares of fine chocolate, each containing an exactly-measured dose of tasteless phenolphthalein . . . the safest, surest laxative known.



The laxative
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NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ THE FOXIEST GIRL IN PARIS

French comedy thriller, with Martine Carol, Michel Piccoli. English sub-titles. Metro, King's Cross.

HIGH fashion, judo, gangsters, and a suspense chase are mixed with glorious disregard in this light-hearted French frolic.

It is all unlikely, but good fun.

Carol is engaging as the pert mannequin who comes under suspicion as a jewel-thief, and ends by rounding up the gang responsible.

Different settings, a general liveliness, and good character casting (old-timer Mischa Auer makes a welcome reappearance as a dress-designer) all contribute to the general enjoyment.

A not-especially handsome leading man, Michel Piccoli, is likeable as the young policeman who displeases his superior by becoming interested in the troublesome mannequin.

In a word . . . DIVERTING.

★★ WESTBOUND

Western, with Randolph Scott, Michael Pate, Michael Dante, Virginia Mayo. In color. Palace, Sydney.

THE well-worked ground of the American Civil War here yields a quite reasonable story on which to hang the gunplay, swaying stage-coaches, and skullduggery of still another Western.

Theme is the need of the Federal Army to keep in operation the Overland Stage Lines, which carry gold to meet its expenses, and the equal need of the Confederates to stop the gold getting through.

Flinty-faced Scott, as the Overland boss, shows his

Film
Parade

usual unmatched nonchalance with corpses, danger, and the ladies in his life.

Australian Michael Pate has a meaty role as a gun-slinger to the leader of the Confederate sympathisers (Andrew Duggan), and shows—as well as mighty fast gun—an advanced scene-stealing technique.

Young Warner contract player Michael Dante (a one-armed Federal soldier returning from the wars) could be a boy worth watching.

In a word . . . AGREEABLE.

★ SKY WITHOUT STARS

German drama, with Eva Kotthaus, Horst Buchholz. English sub-titles. Lyric, Sydney.

ONLY rare moments of tenderness and insight illuminate a disappointingly commonplace picture that seeks to show what happens when a girl from East Germany and a man from West Germany fall in love.

These roles are played with pleasing simplicity and sincerity by the two stars.

Director Helmut Kautner is a good deal more successful in his handling of people and of contrasting social conditions than he is with what might have been the dramatic sequences of border-crossing.

The balance of the film suffers when the need of the East German girl for the son she kidnaps from his Western grandparents becomes subsidiary to the love story.

In a word . . . UNDISTINGUISHED.

MOVIE GOSSIP

YOUNG love under the arc lights? Sandra Dee and Ricky Nelson are reported to be taking something of an interest in each other. The two met when they were guest stars on a TV show. Sandra is being considered for the title role in the film version of that controversial novel "Lolita," which will probably also star David Niven.

★ ★ ★
NEW British comic Bernard Bresslaw has a film coming up that should get a lot of people into the theatres on the strength of the title alone. It is called "Mad Pashernate Love."

★ ★ ★
TWO forthcoming films which should be worth waiting for are "The Proving Flight," already published as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly, and "Two For the See-Saw," to be made late this year. They are both

to be put out by the new independent studio Mirisch Co., which is certainly making Hollywood's "old guard" studios sit up and take notice.

★ ★ ★
IT should be interesting to see how temperamental young actress Natalie Wood gets along with current TV heart-throb James Garner. The pair will be starring in "Cash McCall" for Warner Bros. Miss Wood is now back at work, having won her fight for a higher salary and the right to make outside films.

★ ★ ★
TOMMY SANDS, who successfully combines the careers of recording artist and film star, has asked for, and received, a release from his 20th Century-Fox movie contract. The reason, he claims, is that he feels he is too young to play anything but "young" roles. Seeing he is 21, what else could you expect?

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Sanforized • Every seam is triple lock-stitched • Side, hip and fob pockets • Boilproof plastic buttons • Bar-tacked pockets will not sag • In Dark Grey or Olive shades • 19 fractional sizes from 30" to 50" waists to fit all men • Also available in jodhpurs and stockman's cut trousers.

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25 WASHERS TO BE WON



It's Easy! NEW RINSO's WASHING MACHINE CONTEST

New Rinso and Australia's leading
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National Washing Machine Month

There are twenty five washers given away in May. Where's the man who doesn't want to give his wife a new washing machine? Here's a chance for twenty five clever husbands to give their wives a washer. New Rinso's bright contest is dead easy . . . but if Dad wants a little help, why, who's to stop Mum and the children looking over his shoulder? But remember, Dad must send in the entry.

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

Pick four sentences from the list on the right — the four that are considered to best fit the circles on the happy New Rinso washday picture. Write the number of the sentence in the appropriate circle on the happy washday picture. Then in not more than twelve additional words, contestants must complete this sentence:

"My wife prefers New Rinso because . . ."

Further details, together with additional contest leaflets, may be obtained from the nearest electrical retailer or grocer.

Contest closes midnight May 31st, 1959. If anyone of the twenty five winners has already purchased a washing machine during the period of the contest, the full purchase price will be refunded.

THIS MAY HELP: Every woman deserves a washing machine in her home, to save time and energy. And every woman knows that she needs New Rinso to get the best results from her machine. Now New Rinso's richer, softer suds have extra cleaning action, to put extra whiteness, extra brightness, in all your wash. No wonder all leading washing machine manufacturers recommend New Rinso for the very best results every time!

ADDITIONAL LEAFLETS AND CONTEST RULES
ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE NEAREST ELECTRICAL RETAILER OR GROCER



1. The extra cleaning action in New Rinso's richer, softer suds gives extra whiteness.
2. The manufacturers of all washing machines recommend New Rinso for best results in their machines.
3. Those richer, softer suds are as kind to your hands as to your most delicate clothes.
4. The extra cleaning action in New Rinso's richer, softer suds gives extra brightness.
5. Seven out of ten Australian housewives get their washes whiter and brighter with New Rinso.
6. New Rinso and your washer make the perfect washday team.

"MY WIFE PREFERENCES NEW RINSO BECAUSE

Post all entries to:—
"NEW RINSO'S GAY WASHING MACHINE CONTEST"
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Box 1448T, G.P.O., Brisbane

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If a cap from a Kwit bottle or can, or top from a Kwit Powder packet is enclosed with your entry.

IT'S
EASY!

Kwit wants household hints to include in a booklet they propose to publish to help all housewives. All you have to do to enter this competition is to write a simple household hint in less than 50 words, then mark 4 uses for Kwit on the entry form in order of their importance to you. Entries will first be judged in their own States. State finalists, who qualify for the National title, will be known as "Mrs. Queensland," "Mrs. N.S.W.," "Mrs. Victoria," "Mrs. South Australia," etc. Each State finalist will be presented with a cheque for £100 by Kwit and will be flown to Sydney and back for the National final. In Sydney, finalists will be the guests of the famous Aarons Exchange Hotel for one week.

Write that household hint now! Fill in the entry form, post it to Kwit—and you may have the most wonderful and exciting tour of your life.

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES . . .

- Entrants must be married.
- Entrants must submit a household hint in not more than 50 words.
- Any number of hints may be submitted by an entrant but each hint must be indented with an entry form in a separate envelope.
- Hints must be written on plain paper, attached to an entry form, and addressed fully stamped to "Kwit," P.O. Box 22, Botany, N.S.W.
- Entries must be received by August 31.
- All entries become the property of Kwit.
- At the point of reaching a State final an entrant must—
 - produce a medical certificate that she is in good health and fit to travel abroad!

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Kwit

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gathered around it aspects freshly cruel. At one point came the realisation that while they had all been lunching under the apple tree the sound of their talk and their laughter had floated up through the open window to where she lay so newly killed. And then some question put to her by the dark smooth inspector had opened up the possibility that one of those people below had known she was there.

Hurriedly, she pushed the thought away from her as before her mind's eye there passed in procession the faces of all those who had eaten that meal together in that idyllic setting. Angus leaning forward in his basket chair. "Come on, Toni, have another," his eyes screwed up against the sun, his hand in its usual gesture of host, the bottle held out. Toni, the "good fellow" always, staying with the bottle to the end, her face showing her ready enjoyment of every moment. Quentin, his naked face turned to her. So young, so painfully young!

Sheila's face, younger still, but oh, the difference in its clotheed collectness! Carl making a little pagoda of spent matches on the arm of his chair, his fattish face looking too cynically passionless for him ever to do more than reiterate his stated philosophy: three meals a day and begone dull care . . .

How Rowena herself would have added to the gaiety of the alfresco meal! Condemn or disapprove or even hate her as you might have, you couldn't fail to find her fascinating. A widely straying wife she had been, everyone had given her that reputation, but Angus had never shown any signs of believing the stories about her.

A little withdrawn he had always seemed to be from her house parties of people up from Sydney, people who in the opinion of Latham West drank too much and wore too little and were entirely cynical of such bourgeois trifles as marriage vows.

All through the night the police came and went, tramping on the stairs and up and

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down the passages. You entered a room and there were two—three—four men, who took no notice of you but went on talking, exploring, examining.

BESIDES the police and Angus and his mother, various people had crept in. How quickly the news had spread! The Hennesseys; Quentin, Vivian remembered seeing once or twice for a brief spell, leaning against the kitchen dresser, white-faced and silent, staring at nothing. The boy whom Rowena had brought up since the death of his parents in a car accident.

In one of the small hours, Colonel Fewster had appeared with a jug of toddy, a brew which he assured them would set them up, but which had seemed, rather, to cast them down into gaping depths of weariness.

The first morning light, when it came, made everything hideous. The house was tramped over and muddy, the garden strewn with leaves and stripped bark.

People's faces looked grey and drawn. Even Sheila's bloom had taken a tarnishing. Bundled into a coat and forbearing to charm, she had gone off in the car with Angus and his mother just as the rim of the sun was coming over the hill.

An hour or so later, when Vivian set out, beauty had come back. The rain-washed orange trees in the Hennesseys' orchard cried aloud their dark glossy green; the hills were blue, blue again.

Vivian made her way down the hillside towards the creek and Denis' caravan. It looked safe and trim standing there with its gay blue paint and its neatly curtained windows. Yet not more secure than Denis inside it, Vivian saw, as she came up through the grass to the open door.

He was sitting at a little pull-out table eating his breakfast. His bunk bed had been

made and covered with its day cover. No millionaire in a princely villa on the Riviera could have looked more content than Denis at that moment, with a fresh brown loaf of butter, a jar of marmalade, and a book propped up against the coffee pot. Before he saw her, the expression on his face was almost smugly at peace.

Her own face must have told a very different story, for as he caught sight of it he hastily jumped up.

"Vivian! . . . Surprise and concern were in his tone. He went forward and put out a hand and drew her up the step. "Viv, what on earth's the matter?"

Men who know the same things are not long the best company for each other.

—R. W. Emerson

She stammered, words wouldn't come, they were too frightened to say. How could she break in on his idyllic peace with her tale of murder?

Instead she suddenly burst into tears. She cried, standing there, one hand on his table, while sob shook her. Tears for the horror of Rowena's death, for the shock of it, and the shattering night just ended, and the mystery of who did it only just beginning. Tears even for herself, that Denis had sat there looking so self-contained, seeming not to need anything or anyone, much less her. Tears for their wasted year, thrown away by her own folly.

He didn't ask her another question, but made her sit down, poured her a cup of coffee, and waited while she drank it.

In a minute, when she could speak, she said: "You won't be able to believe it. Are you prepared for something really dreadful? Rowena's dead . . . someone's killed her."

Her story lasted for a long time, uninterrupted by a word from him after his first incredulous exclamation.

As she talked his face grew stiffer and stiffer, the cigarette in his hand consumed itself, and at last his eyes took on an absent expression, so that she began to have the feeling that he wasn't listening, was thinking of something else. But that couldn't be, of course.

She stopped almost in the middle of a sentence and looked at him questioningly.

Her silence brought him back. He leant over and put out his cigarette. "Viv . . . are you sure you've told me all the facts correctly?"

"What do you mean?"

"What everyone told the police. About their movements. Angus, for instance."

"Angus' movements?"

"Yes."

"Well . . . I told you. He told them."

"Exactly what?"

"That he saw Rowena the afternoon before, at about five o'clock, in the flat she'd taken in Rose Bay. She seemed quite untroubled then, he said, and that was the last time he saw her."

"This is very odd . . . I wonder why he said that."

She leant back on the stool and looked up at him.

"What do you mean?" she said again.

Now it was he who seemed unable to speak. He went to the door and looked out across the sparkling scene. Wet she-oaks flashed emeralds and sapphires and rubies in the sun, each green needle hung with a brilliant jewel.

Turning back, he said in a puzzled tone: "That wasn't the last time Angus saw Rowena."

"What?"

"No. They were together at Burnside for the night — or a part of it, anyway — before she died."

This brought Vivian to her feet, her eyes wide. "No, Denis!

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"How do you know?" Instinctively her voice had dropped.
"I told you I arrived up here during the night."

"Yes? Yes?"
"I meant to leave town immediately after dinner. I was all packed up ready to go, but a friend dropped in to see me and we got talking. I arrived some time after midnight and parked here in the old spot. It was too hot to sleep so before turning in I went for a stroll up the road, and when I got near Burriside I saw a light in the side window of the drawing-room. I thought, she's arrived, Viv's there already."

"Of course I wanted to see you, but I was doubtful, it being so late. And whether I'd be welcome? However, on I went. Couldn't bring myself to turn and go away, thinking you so near. I went across the grass to the window, meaning to speak to you. But there was Angus, standing at the table pouring gin slings. Two! Two tall glasses! Well, I don't need to tell you what I thought."

"Don't be mad. Me and Angus! But go on, go on."

"Well, how was I to know? I hadn't heard from you for a year. So I left the window, went back over the grass—and was I glad then! As I reached the front of the house I suddenly saw Rowena."

"Well!" she breathed. "Well!"

"She was sitting in a chair on the porch in the cool while he went in and got the drinks. She heard my step and turned and saw me and came over. I said, 'You?' and she said, 'Hello, Denis,' and then, 'Listen, don't mention you've seen us here tonight.' I said, 'Of course I won't, if you don't want me to,' and she reached up and gave me a quick kiss."

"I suppose she'd told Angus she was coming up for something before you arrived, and he'd gone across and they'd stayed talking. I thought it was possible they were discussing a divorce, in which case they couldn't have it known they'd spent a night under the same roof. Actually, I didn't think much about it at all at the time. But now, when he conceals this meeting from the police . . ."

"A divorce? But he told me, in the kitchen yesterday, that she was coming home for good."

"How true was that? You see, if—I mean, he would naturally say that if—" He stopped short at the unsayable.

They were both silent. Their eyes on each other said what neither could bear to utter aloud, the inference to be drawn from all this.

He said in a minute: "Tell me to stop! Shut me up. But you see what I mean. If they were discussing a divorce—as I first concluded—there'd be a lot to talk about. And very contentious matter at that! Alimony, the division of their property. Like so many rich people, they were both hard nuts to crack when it came to

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money. Did they quarrel? Did a row blow up between them?

"Old Angus is a good-tempered bloke, but he told me once she was the only person who'd ever made him see red. Of course—I mean—if, and all that—it was a fearful accident, a hideous moment when he just

Did they get drinking? . . . the quarrel get hotter? . . . it gets towards morning, and then . . .

"Don't, Denis! Don't go on!" she cried. "It simply can't be."

"No . . ." He was silent again, but in a moment: "But why didn't he tell the police he'd been with her there, such a few hours before she was killed? If he's innocent, why doesn't he realise the importance for them of the information? — of what they talked about, her state of mind, at what time and how they parted. But you tell me he just sits mum and wipes those hours between five the day before at her flat and ten o'clock next morning when he turned up at Burriside for this work bee. You did say ten?"

"Yes, ten. The rest of us were there by nine. He arrived about an hour later."

"Incredible! Simply incredible! He's not a frightened kid that's been reading the comics and afraid to come clean with what he knows for fear he'll be wrongfully accused or something. What is he up to? What does he think he's doing?"

He leant across her, picked up a cigarette, tapped it for a long time on the matchbox, lighted it, put it between her lips, and then lit one for himself.

"Maybe," she said slowly, "he's just a bit flummoxed. He wants time to think it over. Then he'll tell them she was there that night."

"Maybe," he said sombrely.

She looked absently at the paleness of her face in the two inches of mirror on the wall, took a comb and ran it through her hair. "Come with me," she said. "I promised him I'd go up there for breakfast."

Hands in his pockets, he stood behind her, watching in the glass her face and her hair, and her hand with the comb. His face wore a cheated expression.

"When I saw you in the kitchen yesterday, Viv, I thought that like Job I was going to get everything back. My tents and my flocks and my girl. Everything and a bit over. Instead—this."

A FEW minutes later when she set off to walk the short half-mile to Pine Hill, Denis went with her.

Fifty yards downstream from the caravan the track led over a narrow footbridge. Down here in the dip it was secluded, with not a house in sight. Above, on the opposite hill, was the bank of pines that screened the Latham house. The creek was running fast after last night's rain.

The trees around and the ground were alive with flights of wrens and firetails and silver eyes, and the air was threaded with their sweet chirping.

Probably it was Vivian's unwanted sensitivity sharpened by the shock of Rowena's death that made her pause in her walk, her eye caught by a splash of color in the grass by the creek.

The thing that had caught her eye was of a blue not unlike the breast of the wren that had just bounced away from it. She stopped, and went nearer to see what it was. It was a tin that had once held honey, at least four pounds of it, and it was painted bright blue, with a decoration of flowers and bees and a beehive. It

had a press-in lid and a wire handle. Someone, when the honey was eaten, had thought the container too pretty or too useful to throw away, and now Vivian smelt, as she leant nearer, that it held kerosene.

Idly she wondered who had left it there, and why. Maybe people picnicking, lighting a fire to boil a billy. It was a favorite spot for that sort of thing as the circle of blackened stones nearby showed.

As she stood a moment looking down at it, it came to her that she had seen this tin before. Where? On what occasion? When? Did it matter? Surely not. Somebody's old kerosene container standing in the grass in front of a clump of bushes. And yet, why did the sight of it now rouse in her an ill-defined emotion, as though it were linked with something significant or painful?

As they were entering the gate of Pine Hill Quentin caught up with them. He had been roaming the countryside since dawn, and looked, Vivian thought, like a young Sebastian shot through with arrows.

The front door was open, and without the exchange of a word, he left them and ran up the stairs.

Vivian and Denis lingered in the big quiet hall. Very quiet this morning. Not a sound came to them. Ahead was the broad flight of stairs, on the left Rowena's drawing-room.

Every generation laughs at the fashions, but religiously follows the herd.

— H. D. Thoreau

Rowena's no more. The fact seemed to be conceded by the very quality of its hush and the dimmed light. Pale-colored chair whispering to chair, a gleam of reflection in mirrors and piano, a waiting silence.

Farther down the hall, on the other side, the door of the dining-room was half open. In there the table was set for breakfast. Vivian went towards it.

The room wasn't empty as she had first thought. As she reached the door she saw that Sheila was standing at the sideboard. Having come down before the others, and apparently thinking herself alone, Sheila had opened one of the doors of the sideboard and was standing with a silver sauce-boat in her hand, had turned it upside down, and, holding it close to her eyes, was examining it for the sterling mark.

The picture that she made, with her delicious, plump slenderness in the rust-red cotton frock, with the blackness of her hair on her neck's creamy nape as she bent her head, was one of captivating prettiness. Outrageously ill-bred though the act was, Vivian mightn't have thought much about it but for the expression on the face of a second observer.

Just at that moment Mrs. Latham, coming silently across the grass of the side garden, paused at the long window, and, before entering, saw Sheila at work, gauging the quality and the quantity of the Pine Hill silver. The meaning of Sheila's action was all too plain: that she saw herself as mistress of this, and all else here before long.

A quite indescribable expression was stamped for a moment on Mrs. Latham's face. The mouth was closed tightly, the eyes held a kind of steady glare. She was rock-like in her stillness, her shapeless figure in the dowdy dress outlined against the sunlight . . .

In a flash the thought rushed

of last year's tragedy can look after itself."

Even Sheila was drawn in, and tactfully demurred at saying what she thought.

Mrs. Latham acidly encouraged her. "Oh, why not, Sheila? I'm sure you've got a very level head on your shoulders, although you're only nineteen."

Only nineteen, exactly half Angus' age. His mother's sharp reminder brought his eyes quickly round to Sheila's face, from which they were never long absent, caressing its pearly smoothness with their glance, lingering over the soft contours.

Vivian found herself thinking that it didn't matter much whether Angus told the story or not. The police would hear the facts of that year-old horror and see in it, as everybody must, the possible seeds of Rowena's death yesterday.

A maid entering cut short her reflections. There was a police inspector outside, she announced, who wanted to see Mr. Latham. So the wrangle between Angus and his mother

was still unresolved when Grogan and Manning came in.

The inspector's mode of approach was gentle, even apologetic, as though to interrupt a breakfast at that spacious, white-clad table, with its heavy silver and old Spode china was hardly to be justified by a little thing like murder. His tone was almost enough to give them back their appetites, his almost tender glance nearly restored harmony.

He glanced out the window and praised the beauty of the view and the setting of the house, and a few other such small matters. If no one else was enjoying the morning, Vivian thought dryly, at least the inspector looked as though he was. With his smoothness and sleekness he reminded her of a big black cat told not to eat the chickens and complying temporarily.

Turning back to the group at the table, he said with a cheerful gleam on his dark shaven face: "There's one or

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1959

two things we want to get clear, Mr. Latham. For instance, this attic, now. Was it always kept locked?"

"But no, Inspector, no," Angus said with a touch of impatience. "Never, so far as I know. There's never been any question of it being locked. The last tenants were friends of my wife. She left some things up there. I didn't even know that the door had a key."

"Everyone knew that, did they? That it was open, I mean?"

"Well . . . I'm afraid I can't speak for everyone."

"Would it be indiscreet, Inspector?" Mrs. Latham enquired, "to ask if you anticipate a long search for the murderer of my daughter-in-law?"

He turned the oh so affable blue-grey eyes on her. "My word, I wish I could answer that one! You see, there's everything against us, as you might say. The lady's social position and background, the absence of any motive of robbery, as far as we can see. We know why she came down yesterday morning. The night before last she happened to mention to a neighbor in the flats where she was staying—we had men round there this morning—that she wanted to sort out some old letters and things she had in a locked box in the attic. She said you'd told her, Mr. Latham, that you'd let the house again, and she wanted to clear out her trash. She also happened to mention that she was catching a train that got her here at twelve o'clock midday."

Vivian thought. Ah! yes, that may have been her intention,

but we know she went down the night before. It was all clear now. She probably rang Angus, perhaps early in the evening, and asked if the house would be open, and he'd said, "Why wait till morning? Come now, I'll meet you there."

She glanced across to where he stood looking all that he should be, a man of unassailable character, of position and standing, a man above suspicion. Tensely she waited. Surely any moment he would open his mouth and tell the facts of his meeting with Rowena at Burnside the night before last? She waited . . . He didn't.

INSTEAD: "The train gets in a few minutes after midday, twelve-fifteen," he murmured, qualifying Grogan's last words.

"Is that so? Well, that means, doesn't it, that walking the half mile or so from the station she could've arrived at the house by twenty-past twelve? Now you told us last night, Miss Wyatt, that all yesterday there was quite a little crowd of people coming and going, friends helping you settle in, and that."

"That's what makes it so mysterious," Angus put in. "How she could have come up the path, walked through the house, gone up to the attic and not one of us catch a glimpse of her or have the smallest idea she was there."

"Hold on, hold on," Manning pulled him up sourly. "You're goin' a bit fast, aren't you? Somebody knew she'd

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arrived, somebody saw her, all right! With the result that her dead body lays there all day behind the locked door." The gloomy accusing glance of his heavy pop-eyes gathered in the five listeners and rested a moment in turn on each grave face. "See?"

Nobody answered, nobody claimed to see.

Grogan asked: "Was the front door open all the morning, would you remember?"

"It was from nine o'clock onwards. I know that because I painted it," Sheila answered promptly, and shared out a captivating smile between the inspector and the sergeant. For members of her own sex Sheila's charm was in short supply, looking on them as she did merely as rivals, encumbrances, spies, or pawns to be made use of.

"So that was your good deed for the day, was it?" Grogan said, gallantly registering the smile. "Miss Bingham's the name, isn't it?"

"Yes. The door was rather a dreary cream, and I said to Miss Wyatt, 'First thing, let's jazz up the front door!' and she brought the paint and a brush with her. I fell on it as soon as we arrived and got right into it."

"Real nice it looks, too. How long would it've taken you, now?"

"Oh . . . well . . . I'd finished it before morning tea."

"By half-past ten, in fact," Vivian said. "I happen to remember that because earlier in the morning Mrs. Hennessey made a plum cake for me and put it in the oven before she went out to work in the garden, and she asked me to have a look at it at half-past ten to see it wasn't doing too fast. I was just doing so when you came in, Sheila, and said you'd finished the door, and went into the laundry to wash the brush."

"Pity you didn't put up a notice, 'Wet Paint,'" Manning said.

"Good gracious, I didn't need to. Everyone knew it'd just been painted."

"Except the deceased. There's a smear of it on her dress where she brushed against it."

"Wait a minute," Vivian said. "The ladder's too short, it doesn't reach to the attic window. I could see that when I tried to get in that way last night."

VIVIAN'S world of thought took a dizzying somersault. Paint on her dress! Where now was the picture that she and Denis had built up? Of her being killed during the night or in the early morning before they all arrived? Paint on her dress from the door not finished before ten-thirty? Surely now Angus would speak about the night? They couldn't suspect him now.

She heard Grogan ask: "Just what was everyone doing as the morning got on?"

She heard her own voice answer, hesitant with her bewilderment: "Well . . . I—I made morning tea at about a quarter to eleven. I cut some bread and honey—the baker had just brought a nice fresh loaf—and called them all in to the kitchen."

"All? They all joined you, did they?"

"Yes, everyone, including Colonel Fawster, who'd brought over some little cakes that Mrs. Siskin—that's his housekeeper had made."

"And when you'd finished your cup of tea?"

"I think I stayed on in the kitchen. I know Mrs. Hennessey and Quentin Rivers went out to the garden again, and Mr. Hennessey was clipping the creeper on the walls."

"What was I doing, Viv?"

Angus inquired, and answered himself: "Oh, yes, I was in the dining-room. That's right. Putting a bracket under the leg of

a rather wobbly old cedar chair."

Sheila ended the time-table: "I was in my bedroom with the door shut, hemming some new curtains for the kitchen."

"That, I think," Angus said thoughtfully, "accounts for all our occupations between morning tea and lunch at one in the back garden. So at twelve-thirty my wife must've walked in the front door, gone straight up to the attic, and . . ."

"And," Manning took him up as he paused, "either she was followed up by the person that killed her, who locked the door

"Yeah," Manning said, turning his disparaging glance on her, "it's an extension ladder." He sighed, straightening his heavy body, his hands clasped behind his back, his tone sadly suggesting not only the guilt of one but the mal-observation and idiocy of all.

Grogan was tapping a thoughtful tattoo on a chair-back. "There's one point that puzzles me. Would there be any reason now, could you tell me, why the deceased, seeing the house open and occupied already, didn't give a boy to let on she was there? She must've heard the sounds of these friendly little activities, yet she marches up—or maybe

"Perfectly. Oh, yes, she knew them all. The Hennesseys have been here for six or seven years, Miss Wyatt and Miss Bingham have both stayed up here before."

"She'd been away from home for the past year, you mentioned last night?"

"Yes. Her father was ill up north—dying, she realised—and she went up there and stayed with him till he died. That was last month."

"Were you agreeable to her stopping away all that long? A whole year?"

Mrs. Latham's rings touched the edge of the tray and made a small sharp tinkle.

"I made no objection," Angus said. "Of course, I didn't know how long she was going to be away when she left. But the months went by, my mother was here keeping house for me." For a moment he stopped and shook his head regretfully.

"I can't pretend that her absence troubled me. No, I'm grieved now to think it didn't. We'd been married for ten years, and our tastes and interests weren't exactly identical. The people she went about with were not my friends. I'm more interested in the place here and my books and my garden, when I get back from the office, where I go three or four times a week. Still . . . the house—and my income—were big enough for me to indulge my tastes and she hers, so there wasn't much emotion about it one way or another."

"Then she wrote you she was coming back?"

"Yes."

"And you went and saw her in her flat in Rose Bay?"

"Of course. The afternoon before, as I told you. We had a drink together, and arranged about her coming home in a few days."

"All quite friendly, eh?"

"Quite."

"She had her own car, I understand. Have you got any idea why she would've driven up in it yesterday, instead of coming by train? She had the return half of her railway ticket in her purse."

"Well, I can only think that people would've recognised her car, it's a blue Bentley, and perhaps she didn't want to have to stop and pass the time of day with everyone she knew up here, and yet didn't want

To page 60



"I don't know about you, but I'm getting dizzy."

on the inside and shinned down by the ladder—"

"But why?" Angus interrupted him.

"Look, the longer her body isn't found the harder it is to say when she died. With the door locked no casual person was goin' to stumble in on her. That's how it worked out, wasn't it? If it hadn't been for Miss Wyatt here bein' that set on gettin' in she could've laid there for days. See? . . . Or else," he ruminated, "she locked herself in when she got up there—not wantin' to be disturbed over her papers—and her killer went up by the ladder and down by it as well."

"Was she on good terms with these friends and neighbors and her nephew?"

"There is the pause before an answer that is too long, there is the pause that is too short. Angus' reply came almost before Grogan finished speaking.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Breathing in a Persian riot (11).
- Fragrance in a Queensland town (5).
- Quivering effect in music can be a lot more (7).
- West Indian island on which Port of Spain is situated (8).
- Thus after a doubtful word (3).
- Up to the time when a broken nut is not quite ill (5).
- Mother-of-pearl in which a car is broken up (5).
- If you sell it you swindle the buyer (3).
- Unrestricted sailors have nothing before a musical instrument (8).
- Champion of popular rights has a bone in the melody (7).
- Historical period ushered in by herald (3).
- Preoccupied with one's own personality (4-7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- He thinks and speaks too much of himself (7).
- In a serene manner (8).
- If you are on the top of it you reached the height of your profession (4).
- Ancient Greek silver coins (5).
- Old-fashioned sound collectors (3-8).
- Breakfast food made of illicitly taken oval objects (7, 4).
- A vehicle turned to a piece of furniture becomes easily controlled (9).
- Sinless in no small change (8).
- Sure cad (Anagr. 7).
- State of highest perfection with a formal start (5).
- Short quick blast of breath with very loud musical ending (4).

COMFORTING WORDS

U A N D O O
A N D R E W A I R G U N
C R A N I S R
R E G I C I D E E T N A
E V E
S P A R S E W A G E R S
R I A
M I S T P I C K W I C K
M A A K K I L
P A T R O N S L I D E S
T T I S A
T E S C O N D H A N D

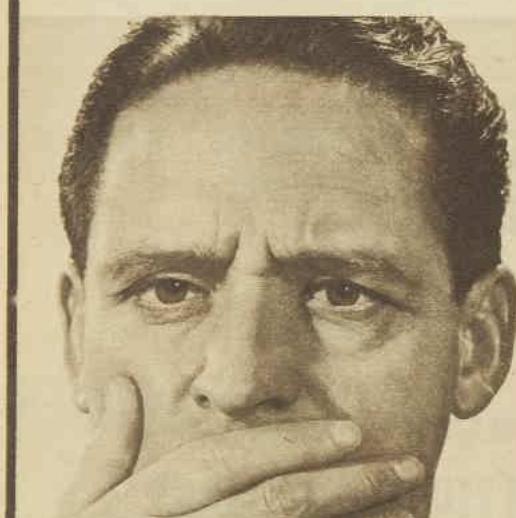
Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1955

I was embarrassed

... me with dingy dentures!

... yet I clean them every day



but do you clean them properly?

False teeth

need

STERADENT

specially made to clean
dentures properly

AT CHEMISTS ONLY

HEM

you voted BASKETWEAVE



the most popular

LAMINEX pattern

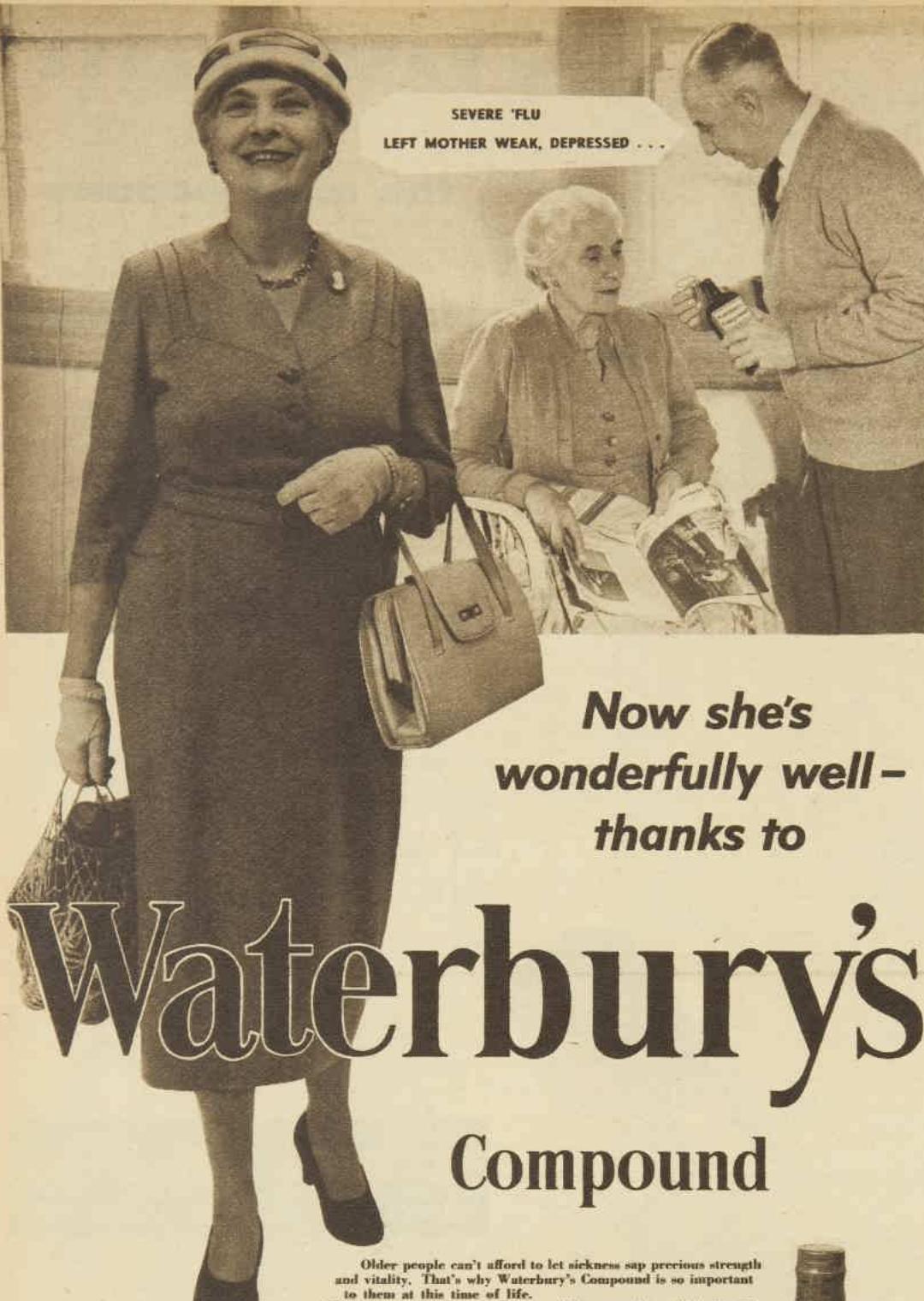
By general applause, Laminex Basketweave has become today's most wanted pattern. And why is Basketweave so very popular? Because it makes decorating news, because its exotic romantic charm brings the excitement of the Pacific Islands right into your home. More Basketweave virtues are its resistance to dirt, scratches, heat and the general wear and tear of busy modern life. In 5 modern decorator colours for your kitchen, sunroom, dinette, bench tops, occasional furniture: Hibiscus Red, Bikini Blue, Copra Grey, Golden Sand and Kontiki Green.

LAMINEX®
LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

A PRODUCT OF 



ASK YOUR FURNITURE STORE OR LAMINEX DEALER TO SHOW YOU THIS LATEST ADDITION TO THE COLOURFUL LAMINEX RANGE.



**Now she's
wonderfully well—
thanks to**

Waterbury's Compound

Older people can't afford to let sickness sap precious strength and vitality. That's why Waterbury's Compound is so important to them at this time of life.

Waterbury's keeps those who are old-in-years "young" in health. Because it's a strengthening, fortified tonic, Waterbury's is especially valuable during convalescence to speed the return to good health. And by continuing its regular use Waterbury's maintains strength and vitality and builds up resistance to further illness.

Remember, too, that Waterbury's Compound is a remarkably efficient decongestive . . . bringing rapid relief from coughs, colds and bronchial ills.

For all-year-round health and vitality start your family on Waterbury's Compound to-day!

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST . . . HE KNOWS!
Waterbury's Compound is widely recommended for the treatment of respiratory ills, as a convalescent and as a general health tonic. Waterbury's is rich in vitamins, malt, glucose, phosphates and minerals. It is equally effective for adults and children . . . and its wild cherry flavour makes it extremely pleasant to take.

Waterbury's Compound

- Relieves coughs and bronchial congestion
- Builds resistance to infection
- Enriches the blood
- Replaces mineral losses
- Aids digestion
- Stimulates appetite
- Helps regenerate health and well-being
- Provides material for tissue repair and growth

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR CHEMIST
Buy the economical family size bottle



Continuing . . .

THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 58

offend them by not doing so. I suppose that's understandable. She was coming home soon enough."

It was these words of Angus' that Grogan repeated to Manning as, with the house behind them, they walked towards the police car waiting in the drive.

The Inspector stopped to sniff at a rosebud. "She was coming home soon enough, eh?" he said into its tawny heart. "Soon enough" is only a polite way of saying a damn sight too soon! . . . Who was she coming home too soon for? Herself? Or him? Or for whichever of these folk she came by train to avoid being seen by?

When the police had left, Vivian and Denis walked together down the track at the back again. She couldn't have said how long the interview had lasted. The questioning, sometimes pointed, sometimes seeming to ramble aimlessly, had gone on and on. Rowena's friends, tastes, habits, even her make-up methods. Was she careless about them? It was a fruit cake that Mrs. Hennessy had made, was it? And much more that was exhausting by reason of its apparent triviality.

Not a word was spoken between the two till they were down the hillside and the house was hidden behind its screen of pines. Then she said, stopping and facing him:

"There now! A railway ticket bought yesterday in her purse. Paint on her dress from the door that wasn't painted till we were all there!"

Dennis nodded slowly, stood looking down at the track, scuffed the brittle leaves with his foot.

"Well?" she challenged. "Well?"

"Look, I don't want to talk about this. Do you mind if we don't go on?"

"Don't want to talk about it? But why not—now?"

Still meeting only his obstinate silence, she took a couple of steps aside and sat down on a fallen tree.

DENIS threw himself full length on the grass, lay back, and shut his eyes to the sky.

She looked down at his prone figure, his sealed face, with its firm mouth, almost grim now, and lean set jaw; looked away at the green ribbon of willows flowing with the creek; looked back at him. "Doesn't this alter everything we thought?" she asked: "Doesn't it?"

"I said I don't want to discuss it. It's too awful."

"I won't then." A pause. But she couldn't keep back the words. "Of course, you mean . . ."

"All right, if you will go on." He sat up with a jerk. "You know quite well what I mean, what I can't help seeing. If I'm right, if he did—did—well, what was to prevent him driving to town in the very early morning? I ask you, eh? What was to prevent him?"

"Oh, impossible!" She fought off the picture he was painting before her unwilling gaze.

"Not impossible at all. He could've gone to Central station, bought a railway ticket, then up here again and put the return half in her pocket before any of you turned up for the work bee at nine." He sat staring down at the sparkling swift

water seen through the trees. "I can't believe I'm suggesting this about Angus. But he could've, he could've . . . If he would seem more likely, Rowena came down in her car that night, it being night, and no one likely to see it—the knew you could drive the Heavenly Chariot through Latham West between 10 p.m. and midnight—well, then . . .

"But you didn't see her car when you saw her in the garden, did you?"

"No, I didn't. But she could've left it in that little turn-off before you get to Burnside. It'd be out of sight there, which we know she wanted because she told me so. Don't mention I'm here." What I mean is, if she did have her car parked there, Angus could've driven it to town in the morning instead of his own."

HE was doodling with a twig in the dust, as though sketching a blueprint of the grim events he was visualising. "He could have taken her keys, returned the car to its garage at her flat, and come back by train himself." The twig scratched deeper. "And the paint? . . . With the key of the attic in his pocket he could've gone up there some time during the morning and dabbed a bit of it on her dress, locked her in, and left by the ladder."

"Oh, could, could" she crooned on a wave of rejection. "But it can't be. None of this happened. She left the house safe and well, drove home herself, and came up again yesterday by the twelve-fifteen train as the fingered, said.

"Why again?" he asked. "Is do the very same job we know she must have come to do at night—go through her stuff in the attic?"

"I don't know . . . I don't know. Somebody killed her, of course. We know that. Some stranger . . . a tramp . . . who followed her from the station. Everyone knew she was rich. They probably thought she had money or jewellery in her bag." She was still fidgeting off the idea.

"Then why doesn't Angus tell the police of their meeting? Seeing him keep back that vital piece of information, who could help having the deadliest suspicion?"

"Yes, yes, a quarrel, a blow, a terrible accident, as you suggested earlier. I could believe that. Just about. But the rest? All that criminal planning and contriving after it? Can you imagine Angus—?"

"Look. After it—knowing he hadn't meant to do it—once he discovers, in horror, that he's done it, the world has happened and he can't undo it, so mightn't he have tried to do the best for himself? Realising what the consequences would be—disgrace, ruin, gaol, the end of life as he knows it—he might well have been ready to go to any lengths to conceal it. Any lengths short of letting someone else take the rap."

She stared down the hill again, seeing nothing of it, peace and beauty.

"What do you mean to do?" she asked presently.

"Do?" he repeated. "Am I to turn informer? Not a part I care for!"

Informer! The very word was hung with infamy. "Then ask him. Ask Angus."

He snapped the twig in two and threw the pieces aside. "That'd be nice, wouldn't it? Ask him if he's keeping mum because he's murdered his wife!"

To be continued.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5240. — Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make petticoat. Sizes 24 to 36in. waist. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 10yds. ½in. edging, and 2½yds. ½in. ribbon. Price 3/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5235. — Prettily styled small girl's nightgown. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2 to 2½yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. embroidered edging. Price 2/6.

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



F5236. — Girl's lace-and-ribbon-trimmed slip and matching panties. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires: Slip 1½yds. 36in. material, panties ½yd. 36in. material, plus 6½yds. ½in. lace edging, ½yd. lace beading and 2yds. satin ribbon. Price 3/-.

F5236



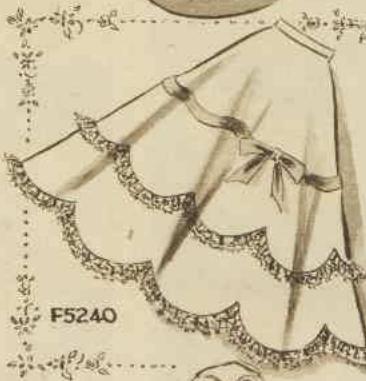
F5237. — Men's tailored pyjamas. Sizes SM, M, and OS. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 4yds. braid. Price 4/6.



F5239

F5238. — Long-sleeved winter dressing-gown. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F5239. — Glamorous lace-trimmed trousseau set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. lace, 6½yds. lace insertion, 6yds. applique lace. Price 4/6.



F5240

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 933.—ONE-PIECE TENNIS DRESS
Above-knee-length tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice includes white pique and white no-iron poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 36/9, 36 and 38in. bust 38/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. No. 934.—BABY CLOTH AND SERVETTES

The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is check gingham, available in red and white, blue and white, green and white, and pink and white. Serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton handcloth. The color range includes white, lemon, blue, and green. Sizes: Cloth 36 x 36in. 6/3, postage 9d. extra. Serviettes 11 x 11in. 1/- each. postage 4d. extra.

No. 935.—POINSETTIA TABLE-CENTRE

Oval table-centre is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white or cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size 17 x 17in. Price 6/9. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 936.—TAILORED BLOUSE

Smart American-styled blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in tulle. The color choice includes white, blue, pink, lemon, and lime-green. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 38/6, 36 and 38in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 937.—SLENDER-LINE SKIRT

The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in pure wool. The color choice includes coco-brown with a white flock, cherry with a white flock, dark brown, grey striped in lemon, and grey striped in green. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist, price 37/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning May 25

ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck on an outing.

TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in the market-place.

GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 — JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in being daring.

CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22 — JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a quiet corner.

LEO

The Lion

JULY 23 — AUGUST 22

* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat. Luck in clubs, organisations.

VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck through superiors.

LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a bonus.

SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a bonus.

SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, black. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in being one of a team.

CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 22

* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in efficiency.

AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 23 — FEBRUARY 22

* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in love.

PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 23 — MARCH 22

* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in your home.

* Away from home you experience a stroke of luck. You may find an article of value, meet someone who can give you valuable information. Link up with one who will play a part in your affairs over a long period. A friend may promise to exert influence on your behalf in some organisation. A small incident might lead to major developments.

* If buyer or seller of goods and services, you prosper this week. You may act as agent or intermediary in a business transaction and earn a commission. Those who are job hunting will find a personal interview more important than a written application, but should guard against talking too much or neglecting details in grooming.

* Gemini can out-think and out-talk nearly every other sign. You're on your mettle to win over opposition. Suggest original ideas and carry them through with dash. This can be applied to anything connected with love or money; you should take the initiative, be at your most charming, but don't ride roughshod over people.

* You might stay home and finish a job which appeals to you, or you may limit yourself to reading. There's an inclination to avoid the crowd, especially if you're feeling tired. Some of you will indulge in your pet extravagance. If in love, you may be day-dreaming during the temporary absence of your beloved.

* If you're bored, lonely, join a group with a purpose that appeals to you. It's more fun to pursue a sport or hobby with those who are interested in same thing. Practice your skills and make friends at the same time. Inquire about possibilities in your own district; this saves travelling time, brings you together more easily.

* Make requests to those in authority and they are likely to be granted. If in paid employment, a new amnesty, better equipment, or improved working arrangements may make the work simpler. The housewife can reorganise her schedule to increase her leisure for outside interests; she may then move in new social circles.

* The farther you travel the happier you'll be. If you can't cross distance physically, you can still do so in spirit by reading about far-off places. Now is the time to read travel literature with particular interest in foreign countries. You may receive a letter with wonderful news from overseas, or you may meet an attractive stranger.

* You may strike a bargain and find it includes a bit extra you hadn't expected. The home dressmaker finds material over which she can use for another purpose. The home decorator mixes two remnants of paint, produces a lovely shade for painting small objects. There's inspiration in re-discovering something you've hardly worn.

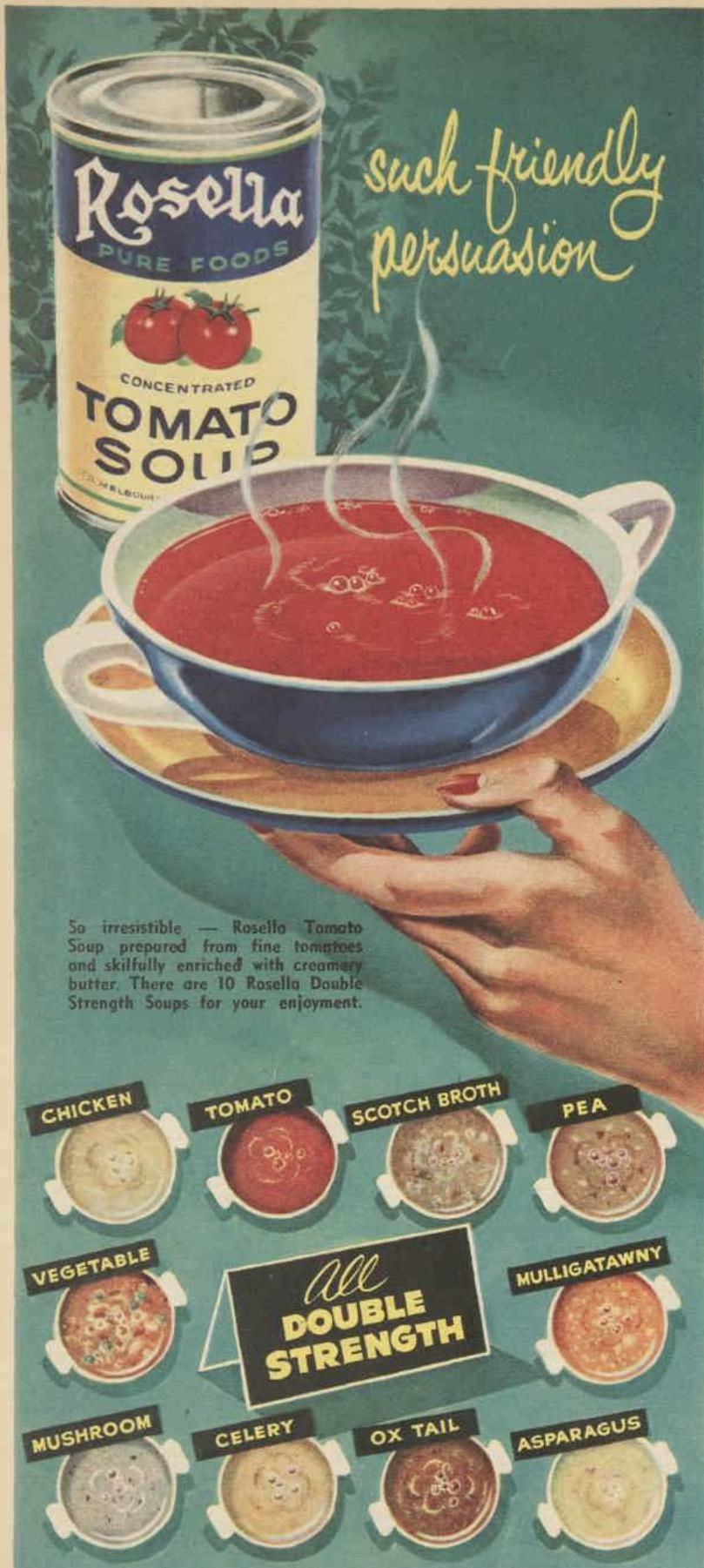
* You can't win by yourself at present, but do your share and your side must be successful. Whatever your enterprise, give credit to mates, friends, fellow workers; don't try to grab all the glory. If you're playing a game, organising a dance, acting on a committee, co-operating is the first essential. At social affairs don't stick to one person.

* Plenty of hard work, most of it routine, but you'll need to scramble through it if you hope to have any fun. Stick to your schedule, tune in to lively dance music, don't postpone what you know should be done immediately. Deal with interruptions pleasantly but firmly. Put things where they belong so you won't be hunting wildly when rushed.

* If you're trembling on the brink of your first love affair you'll be trailing clouds of glory. If in the twenties there could soon be a diamond on your finger. Young marrieds may rejoice over an addition to the family, while older subjects display consideration, tenderness for the marriage partner. Late romances surprise everyone.

* If recently married, fixing up your new home is one big thrill. If you're building, it's fascinating to watch the progress of your future residence. If moving you'll find those who like your new district, those who are making changes, adding to comfort or convenience, will be happy. There could be a distinction for a member of the household.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.



So irresistible — Rosella Tomato Soup prepared from fine tomatoes and skilfully enriched with creamy butter. There are 10 Rosella Double Strength Soups for your enjoyment.

Rosella SOUPS

JACKY'S DIARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON AGE 31 1/2



The 1st thing a Dr. does is to feel your Purse, so he can tell how sick you are.



Then he listens inside of your chest with a Telescope so he can hear if there's any Germs in there.



After that he sticks a glass stick in your mouth to take the temperature of your Germs. Only you mustn't eat it.



Also it's got numbers on it which tells how many Germs are inside of you. Healthy people have got 78.6. I got a hundred & one.



The Dr. says I have to stay in bed all day tomorrow, so I'm doing all my running around today.



ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN

Germs are so tiny that 50,000 of them can fit on the head of a pin. Which is why you should put pins in your mouth. Your friend, JACKY

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





*That butter-rich
satisfying flavour...*

You will enjoy the butter-rich chunkiness of ARNOTT'S SCOTCH FINGER BISCUITS. Ask your grocer for some today and taste the satisfying fullness of these shortbread fingers with a cup of tea. Remember, men like Scotch Finger Biscuits.



Arnott's
famous
SCOTCH FINGER
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality

Spring silhouettes in WOOL FASHIONS



● *In this eight-page wool supplement we show the importance and development of wool as a high-fashion and all-season fabric. The fashions combine the drama of new wool weaves and textures and the freshness of spring designing. The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd. and the Myer Emporium invite the Australian public to participate in the exciting adventure of our wool parades this winter.*

PARADE DATES

SYDNEY	David Jones'	May 23 to June 4
BRISBANE	Finney Isles	June 6 to June 12
MELBOURNE	Myers	June 20 to July 2
ADELAIDE	Charles Birks	July 4 to July 10
PERTH	David Jones'	July 13 to July 17

SUPERB open-weave wool is chosen for this German-designed reed-slim dress with a matching detachable overskirt. Spring fashion news is seen in the large shawl collar, smoothly belted waistline, and brilliant color.

IN FASHION... IT'S FRATH FIRST!

INSIST ON

Frath

PRINTED WOOL

FIRST printed wool fabrics to be promoted in Australia

FIRST to produce and maintain 54 inch widths

FIRST and finest Australian printed wool fabrics to be featured by overseas fashion houses

FIRST printed wool fabrics guaranteed colorfast

FIRST printed wool fabrics guaranteed wash-proof, shrink-proof and crush-proof.

FIRST printed wool to receive The Australian Wool Testing Authority's seal of approval.



Pioneered by Frath, Australian printed wool is here to stay. The designs and shades are superb. The fabrics are cool in the summer, warm in the winter. It is inexpensive and—if you insist on Frath—you have the finest cloth you can obtain in a guaranteed fabric! It is new. It is wool. It is wonderful.

HAILED BY THE FASHION PRESS

Australian Women's Weekly "... Matti attended the showing of the Frath collection in Mayfair. Indeed, he designed a suit to be shown in it..."

Brisbane Courier Mail "Printed wools set off a fashion stampede . . . the success story of the year . . . exciting colours and designs from chiffon weights to heavy hopsacks."

The Sydney Morning Herald "... Overseas reaction to these Australian printed woolens has been quick. The Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell, has ordered several designs which he will include in his autumn-winter collection in London."

The Sun, Melbourne "... New opening for wool . . . The fabrics are all uncrushable and pliable and are suitable for permanent pleating."

The Advertiser, Adelaide "... The wool industry's answer to synthetics . . . designed not only for glamorous ball gowns, cocktail wear and charming afternoon frocks, but also for leatherweight playwear and delectable swimsuits."

The Evening News, London "... top class designs that would merit second looks in any leading fashion salon in London or Paris."

Frath 54" PRINTED WOOL

INSIST ON FRATH • INSIST ON FRATH

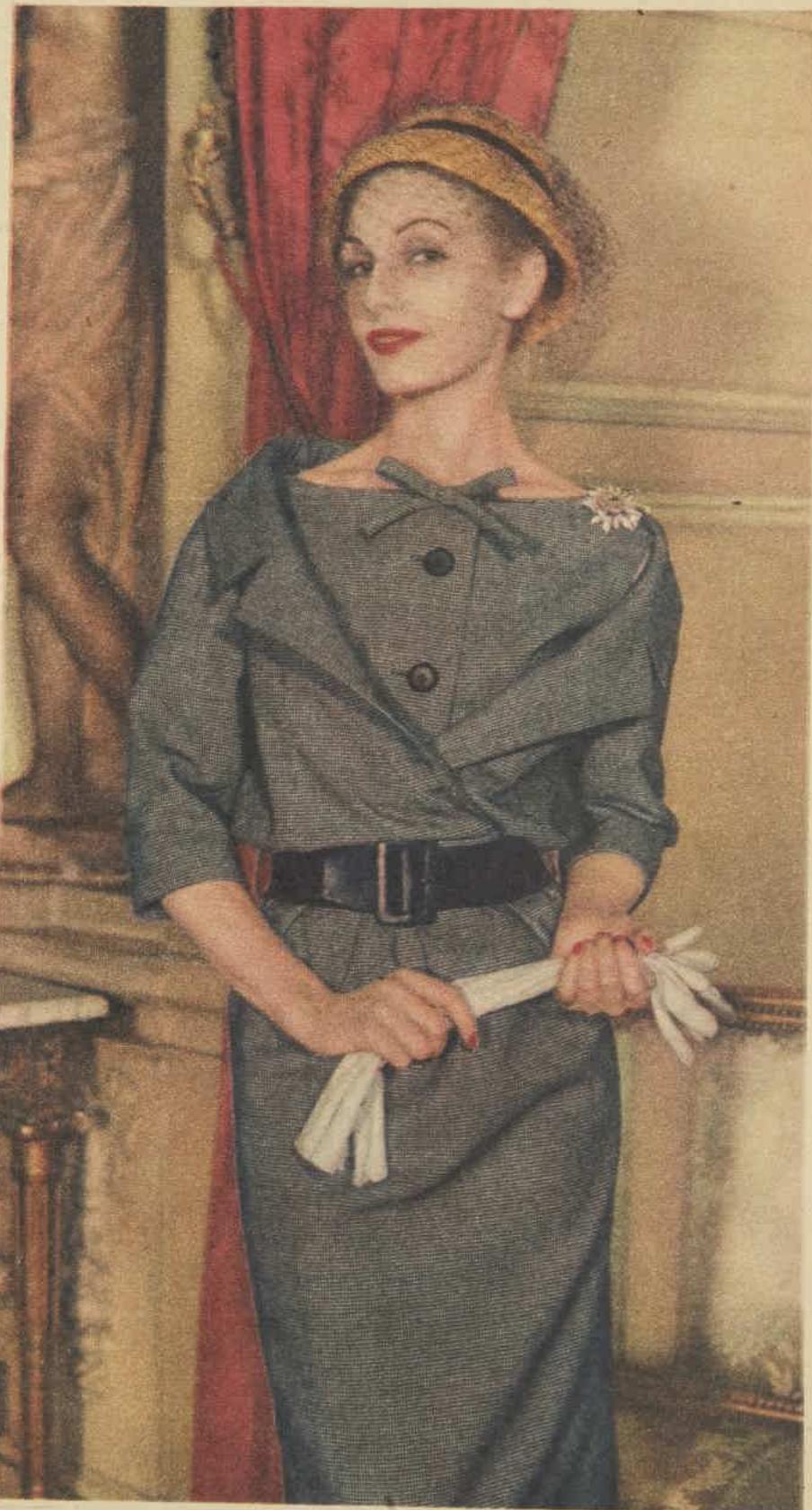


"C O Q U E L C O T" dress and jacket ensemble in red wool. The hip-length double-breasted jacket has a matching two-piece dress.



"ACACIA," two-piece dress and matching jacket ensemble made in shepherd's plaid. The ensemble is shown (above) with the jacket worn casually off the shoulders and tucked into a wide leather waist belt. At left the dress, with its waistcoat-type sleeveless top, finished with a bow, is worn minus the jacket.

Dior
Elegance
for our
wool parades



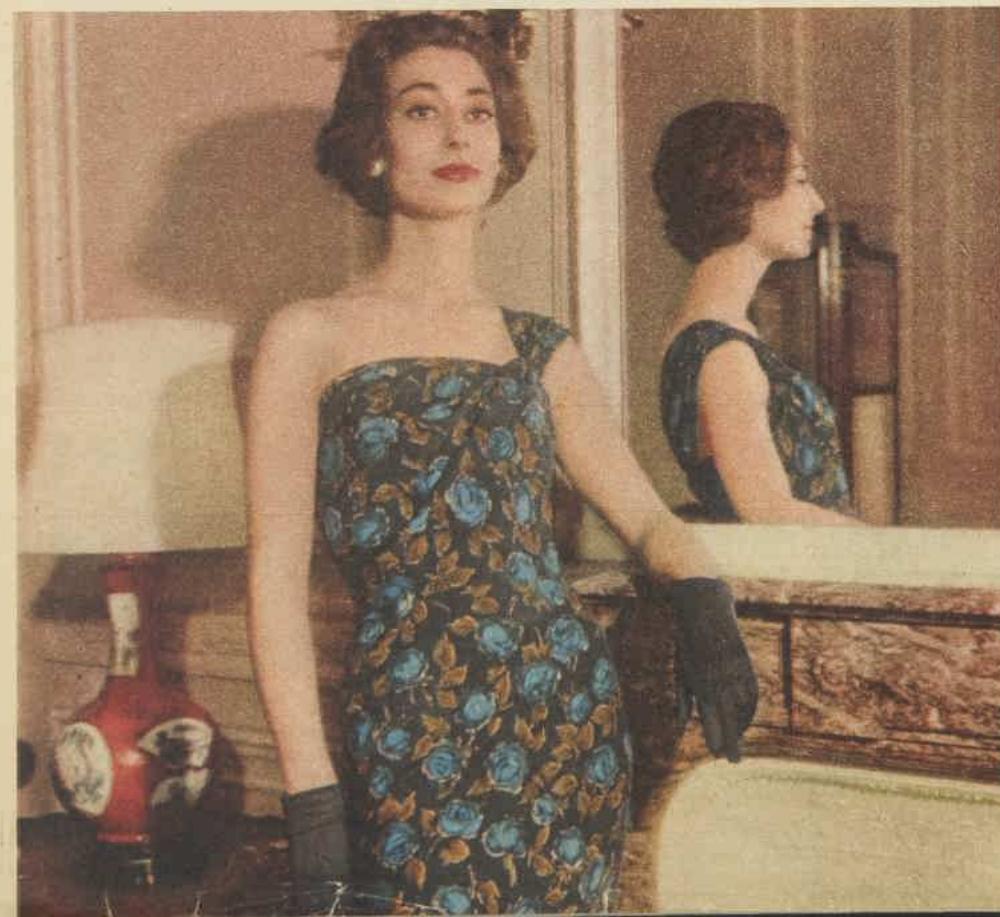
International wool fashions



● *New and exciting wool fabrics are chosen by leading world couturiers for these six high-fashion designs. The clothes are part of our fabulous wool parades. Wonderful craftsmanship is shown in the handling of the fabrics, which show new variation in weaves. The silhouettes are completely in line with spring fashion, and color is in full fling. All shades of red look new again, blues and mossy-green are important, and creamy-yellow has a spring-like freshness.*

DREAMY dance dress in pale yellow wool is designed by John Cavanagh, of London. The top is strapless and the skirt floor-sweeping.

BLUE ROSES on a dark ground is John Cavanagh's fabric choice for this slim-line dress for late-day wear.



CHIC for town or country is this American-designed Claire McCardell Lord and Taylor suit. Made in green-and-black hound's-tooth check, the suit shows the newest version of typical ease and elegance that has put classical American designing in world class.



GERMAN-DESIGNED, this reed-slim one-piece dress has a deep cape collar and wide belt. The light wool fabric is woven like linen, and its open texture makes it perfect for the first cool days of spring.



SUPERBLY TAILORED, this German-designed tunic dress has a low waist-line defined by a slotted belt. The dress is worn with a high-crowned coolie hat made in white organdie.



RED WOOL jumper suit from the famous Italian fashion house of Mirsa. The separate unwaisted top is in a fancy knit and the skirt in plain knitwear. The design shows the ease, wearability, and casual chic that is the mark of Italian sportswear fashions. All shades of red are spring news.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Page Five

borrowed from the boys...



SPORTSCRAFT

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly



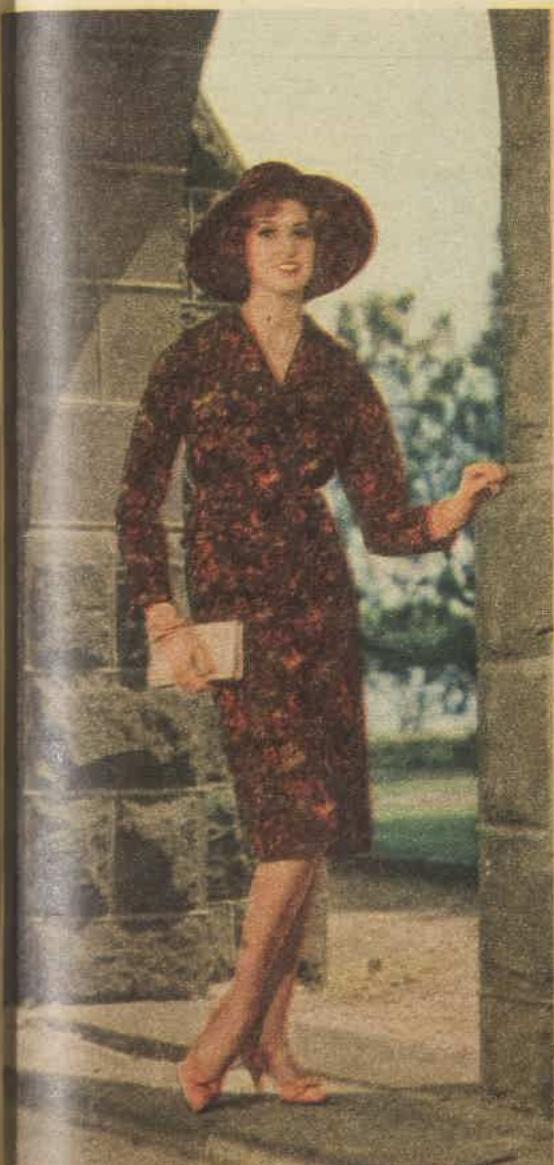
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

WOOL grown and manufactured

in Australia is used for the de luxe fabrics in the fashions shown here. Some are patterned with a riot of flowers, while others have a calculated brilliance of color. The weaves vary greatly, and all are uncrushable and hard-wearing. The design of each garment shows the versatility of wool, and how it can alternate, according to weight, from season to season.



PEACOCK-LINE evening dress has a strapless top. Large roses are the motif on the skirt. The fabrics are by Frath Fabrics, designed for Fogarty Pty. Ltd.



SLIM-LINE suit in a marmalade-colored printed wool is worn with a matching wide-brimmed fabric hat and orange shoes and gloves. Fabric by Classic Weaving Mills.

STRIKING dress and coat ensemble. The dress in printed chiffon-weight wool is matched to the coat lining, and coat fabric is mohair. Fabric by Frath Fabrics, designed for Fogarty Pty. Ltd.



WHITE WOOL JERSEY coin-spotted in black is the choice for this one-piece dress. Fabric by Frath Fabrics, designed for Fogarty Pty. Ltd.



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